

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamps to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

No. 9.—VOL. XXIV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1849.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE.**NOTICE.**

Subscribers, who have not paid, are requested to send their Subscriptions up to Midsummer, to the Publisher, at the Musical World Office.

Advertisements must be sent to the office before noon, on Friday.

GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

LXXXVI.

WHAT has been destiny's purpose with me? 'Tis an impudent question,
Seeing that destiny cares little enough for us all.
Well, she intended to make me a poet; and would have succeeded,
Had not the language been found such an unpleasing stuff. J.O.

JENNY LIND.

It is now beyond a question that this vocalist will abandon the stage, though not the concert-room. She has taken Exeter Hall for a series of six grand concerts. Among other things, *Elijah*, the *Creation*, a part of *Oberon*, a part of *Fi-deli-o*, and Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, will be performed during the series. The concerts will commence during the present month.

Mdlle. Lind is to be married very shortly, to a Mr. Harris.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This performance of *Israel in Egypt*, by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, under Mr. Costa's direction, has been looked forward to by the musical public as a treat of the highest kind, and as an epoch in the annals of the Society. As might have been anticipated, a vast crowd assembled on Friday night, the 23rd inst., and before seven o'clock, the usual hour of beginning, not a vacant place was to be seen throughout the entire area of Exeter Hall. The large and small galleries were crammed full, and the band and chorus, nearly seven hundred strong, filled the orchestra to the extremities, the whole offering a spectacle of unusual animation and excitement. Precisely at seven o'clock Mr. Costa took his place in the rostrum, amidst unanimous plaudits, and Mr. Lockey got up to sing the tenor recitative, "Now there arose a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph," with which the oratorio begins. But before proceeding to review the performance, a few remarks about this great and lasting work, which has been much more talked about than known, may not be out of place.

In analysing the *Israel in Egypt*, we must of course consider it as it has been handed down to us, as it has always been performed, and according to the MS. score of Handel, which exists in the Queen's Library, and of which the edition

prepared by the late Dr. Mendelssohn for the Handel Society is the most correct transcript. It is evident from the authorities cited by Mendelssohn in his preface, that Handel wrote the second part of the oratorio first; but this no more invalidates the evident plan of the composition as it now stands, than the fact that Godwin wrote the third volume of *Caleb Williams* before the others, warrants the assumption that the last volume of that celebrated novel was intended by the author to be read first. In its complete state the oratorio of *Israel in Egypt* is divided into two parts; the first part is historical, the narrative which forms the subject being taken from the first fourteen chapters of *Exodus*, and the words from the 78th, 105th, and 106th Psalms of David, which are chiefly (the two last especially) occupied with the miraculous escape of the Jews from their Egyptian oppressors, the plagues brought upon the Egyptians by Moses and Aaron, and the final destruction of Pharaoh and his host, in the depths of the Red Sea; the second part involves the song of praise and thanksgiving of the chosen nation for their deliverance, and a recapitulation of the miracles exerted in their behalf, the words of which are entirely borrowed from the 15th chapter of *Exodus*. From this it may be reasonably surmised that Handel originally intended the second part (the Song of Praise, which it appears he wrote first) as an independent work, but that, inspired with the sublimity of his theme, he composed the part that now precedes it, and thus prefaced the didactic with the historical. In whatever way we may regard it the *Israel in Egypt* is the grandest of all Handel's oratorios, and the incredible readiness with which it was composed (the whole time occupied in designing and completing it being between Oct. 1st and Nov. 1st, 1738—evidence of which exists on the face of the score, in his own handwriting) suggests the inference that he was unusually absorbed by his labor, and wrote *con amore*.

The first and historical part of the *Israel in Egypt* consists of eleven pieces of music, which, with the exception of one air, for the counter-tenor (now given to a female *contralto*), are all choruses. Handel evidently was of opinion that the description of the miracles and plagues could only be appropriately rendered by the full harmony of the choir, and the uninterrupted chain of choruses of which this part is composed, is unrivalled for magnificence and variety. But let us consider each piece separately, and endeavour, if possible, to give the reader some faint notion of how Handel has treated a theme which demanded the highest creative powers, no less than the profoundest learning. There is no overture, and we have to thank Mr. Costa for abandoning the absurd practice which has so long obtained, of prefacing a work of so uniformly grave a character by a brilliant instrumental prelude like the *Occasional Overture*, which, besides being in a key that has no relation with that of the opening of *Israel in Egypt*, is of so jubilant a character as to be entirely at variance with a sacred oratorio. A short recitative for the tenor solo,

"Now there arose, &c.," explains how the new Pharaoh—"which knew not Joseph," afflicted the Israelites with burdens, and made them serve with rigour. This is immediately succeeded by a chorus in C minor, "And the children of Israel sighed," in which the oppressed people offer up their complaints to the Almighty, and yearn to be delivered from their task-masters. The monotonous measure of this piece, which is written for two choirs, in eight-part harmony, the subject given out by the solo *contralto*, is in admirable keeping, and the manner in which the passage, "And their cry came up unto God," is expressed, and the repetition of the word "sighed," by the second choir, while the first sings fragments of the original theme, to the phrase, "they oppressed them with burdens," is beyond description. Another short tenor recitative, "Then sent he Moses," conveying that God has instructed Moses and Aaron, his prophets, to show "signs and wonders" among the Egyptians, leads the way to the chain of choruses to which we have alluded. First, the waters "being turned into blood," a chorus in G minor, "They loathed to drink of the river," embodies the horror of the Egyptians at such a dire affliction. This is an elaborate fugue for the entire body of chorus, but not divided, as many of the others, into two choirs; the strange intervals of the theme which begins with the tenor voices on a descending seventh, and the incessant use of chromatic harmonies and semitonic progressions are powerfully suggestive of the disgust and abhorrence of the oppressors. The air, in B flat, "Their land brought forth frogs," treats of the plague of frogs, of the pestilence of the cattle, and the "blotches and blains" that broke forth on man and beast. Its character is somewhat fantastic; the dotted skipping passages allotted to the violins certainly impress us with the idea of the frogs leaping, "yea even in the king's chamber," but the imitation is more to be admired for its minuteness than for its solemnity; the melody for the voice is fragmentary and uncomfortable. From this point to the end of the first part the chain of choruses is uninterrupted by solo or recitative. "He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies," a double chorus, in B flat, is one of the most graphic and impressive; the pest of flies, and lice, and locusts is described, each having its distinct expression; the style of harmony, almost entirely diatonic, (which to the unlearned reader may be explained as the opposite to the chromatic—the simple as opposed to the ornamental), is quite madrigalian, and the quaint and broken phrases, distributed between the two choirs, accompanied by rapid passages for the violins, produce an effect for which we are able to cite no parallel; nor must the imposing majesty of the passage, "He spake the word," which continually interrupts the other parts of the chorus, and gives the notion of the command, and the execution of the command being simultaneous, be overlooked; nor the powerful manner in which the arrival of the locusts, that "devoured the fruits of the ground," is depicted in the music—first by each choir alternately, accompanied by a florid passage for the basses, then with the united choirs in full harmony. Of the next double chorus, in C, "He gave them hailstones," we need say little more than that it is familiar to all admirers of sacred choral music, and has been universally pronounced masterpiece of grandeur and simplicity; we cannot help, nevertheless, calling attention to the passage, "fire mingled with the hail ran along upon the ground," the vivid effect of which has never been surpassed, even by Handel himself. The three following pieces may be said to form one grand chorus in three parts, as each leads naturally into the other. The first, "He sent a thick darkness," offers, perhaps, the earliest indication of the

choral recitative, of which Mendelssohn has made such fine use in his oratorios of *Paulus* and *Elijah*, and in his trilogy of Greek plays, *Antigone*, *Oedipus*, and *Athaliah*. Nothing in the *Israel* is more powerfully descriptive than this chorus; the frequent changes of key, the unexpected progressions, and the broken phrases distributed severally among the voices, give that sentiment of vagueness to the hearer which was naturally suggested to the musician himself by the idea of the Egyptians wandering about in the dark, and powerfully realize the text of Scripture, "He sent a thick darkness over all the land, even darkness which might be felt," of which Milton's "darkness visible," is a parody. The chorus of darkness, which, in consonance with its fragmentary character, leaves off in a half close, is directly followed by another, in A minor. "He smote all the first born of Egypt," a masterly fugue, the furthest developed, if not the most elaborate, in the whole work; this chorus is an embodiment of the miracle which cut off the chief of Egypt's strength; the choral parts have a restless continuity of motion, suggestive of vain efforts to escape from some impending calamity, while the awful strokes of divine judgment are attempted to be conveyed by the full chords of the orchestra, which are dealt at equal periods with rhythmical vigor and precision. The next and last of this trilogy of choruses, "But as for his people," in G, shows how the Lord led the Israelites safely away from the plagues that infested Egypt; it opens with a few bars *fortissimo*, for full choir and orchestra, which lead to a passage of tranquil and pastoral character, on the words "He led them forth like sheep;" after which the words, "He brought them out with silver and gold," are illustrated by a *fugato*, in D, of singular clearness and transparency; the first *fortissimo* is then resumed and followed, as before, by the pastoral movement, after which a part of the *fugato* is repeated, and the whole finishes with a passage of full harmony on the words "There was not one feeble person among their tribes," bold and energetic beyond expression. In the three choruses just described the choirs are undivided, and the same is the case with the one which follows, "Egypt was glad when they departed," a fugue in A minor, written throughout in the strict diatonic style of the old church music. The climax of this wonderful series of movements now approaches; the chorus, "Egypt was glad," leaves off, without coming to a direct conclusion, on the dominant of the key, with the evident object of giving greater effect to the burst of harmony for full choir and band which opens the double chorus, "He rebuked the Red Sea;" the contrast of this grand passage with that which follows, "And it was dried up," sung by the choir without any instrumental accompaniment, is one of those strokes of genius peculiar to Handel, involving a power of expressing the meaning of words by music, which perhaps no one ever possessed in so remarkable a degree. The two choruses that ensue are astonishing examples of the same kind of power. The first, in E flat, "He led them through the deep," has two subjects, which are treated simultaneously; one, led off by the basses, in long measured notes, suggests the idea of a gradual struggle through a difficulty; the other, in rapid traits of semiquavers, ever descending and remounting, conveys with equal force the notion of an obstacle that impedes progress; and this is at once illustrated by the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, amidst the vain fury of the waves, thrust aside from their natural course by a power greater than their own. The climax, however, is the next chorus, in C minor, "But the waters overwhelm'd them," to apostrophise the sublimity of which, or to attempt to account for it by analysis, would be preposterous; suffice

it that in this chorus, which involves the catastrophe which crowns the misfortunes of the hardened Pharaoh and consigns him and his host to annihilation, Handel has put forth his entire strength. The next and last chorus of the first part, "And Israel saw that great work," commences with a brief introduction, for double choir, in full harmony, leading to a fugued movement in C minor, in four parts, for single choir, in which the answers are close and the working elaborate; this again is in the old church diatonic school, and the expression derived from it is of that deep and serious kind which alone could be in consonance with what has gone before; indeed, a happier or more forcible expression of the words to which it is set, "And the people feared the Lord and believed the Lord and his servant, Moses," could not have been imagined; and herein Handel shows himself as great a master, and as profound a thinker, as in any other part of *Israel in Egypt*.

We cannot afford space to dwell upon the second part of the oratorio with the same minuteness, nor indeed shall we attempt an analysis. What we have said of the first is enough to show how grand was Handel's design and how elaborately and successfully he has accomplished it. The second part contains thirteen pieces, seven of which are choruses, the rest being duets and airs. The great preponderance of choruses throughout the oratorio, gives reason for the supposition that, had he dared, Handel would have composed his entire work for choir and orchestra. The airs and duets for the solo-singers appear strikingly insignificant after their overpowering brilliancy, we shall therefore not speak of the solo pieces, but confine ourselves to a very few words about the choruses. The Song of Praise is made up as we have already indicated, of references to the miracles by which the deliverance of the Israelites was effected, and of hymns of thanksgiving and glorification to the Almighty power that effected it. The chorus with which this part of the oratorio opens, "I will sing unto the Lord," and that with which it concludes, "The Lord shall reign for ever and ever," (the latter of which is interspersed with solos for tenor and soprano,) both in the same key and formed out of the same materials, are familiarly known as "The horse and his rider," and need no further notice than this, that for sublimity and magnificence, for ingenious contrivance and masterly development, they may rank with the "Hallelujah" in the *Messiah*—higher than which homage cannot soar. The idea of beginning and ending the Song of Praise with the same chorus, and the felicitous manner in which it is accomplished, are among the many proofs that Handel has given of a genius essentially dramatic, and of a feeling for symmetrical construction which, had he lived in the time of Haydn and Mozart, would have made him the rival of those great masters in the orchestral symphony and quartet, of which in his day, scarcely the first rudiments had been established. In the second part of the oratorio, we also find three of the most complex and elaborate choruses in the whole work—"The depths have cover'd them," which involves the double chorus, "Thy right hand, O Lord," and the fugue, "Thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble;" the grand chorus in D, "And with the blast of thy nostrils," with three subjects continually worked in combination, in which the expression of the two passages, "The floods stood upright as an heap," and "The depths were congealed in the heart of the sea," is the wonder and despair of musicians; and last, and greatest, the double chorus in E minor, "The people shall hear," in which occurs the celebrated passage, "All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away," added by Handel some time after the composition of the chorus. These three

pieces alone would have entitled Handel to undisputed supremacy among choral writers. The two remaining choruses, "He is my God," and "The earth swallowed them," are ingenious specimens of fugal writing, for the most part in the diatonic school. To conclude, it may be observed that the second part of *Israel in Egypt* is in general much more learned and intricate than the first, and consequently more difficult of execution, which may account for, and in some degree modify, the strictures we have to make on Friday night's performance.

In speaking of the performance we must begin by complimenting the Sacred Harmonic Society, and its conductor, in having, for the first time in our remembrance, presented the *Israel in Egypt*, according to the score of Handel, without any of these interpolations which have been found so tedious and unnecessary, and the obtrusion of which was such an audacious interference with the original design of Handel. The good effect of this was evidenced in the unflagging attention of the audience, whose interest was never for one instant diminished. With very few exceptions the first part of the oratorio was executed in manner that left little to be desired. The double choruses were rendered with extraordinary force and accuracy; "He gave them hailstones," and "The horse and his rider," were vociferously re-demanded by the audience, who, we are sorry to recount, more than once or twice during the evening, broke through all the excellent regulations recently adopted, and which we had hoped never to see disregarded. The impropriety of encores and noisy expressions of approval during a sacred oratorio can hardly be denied, and this, to say nothing of the tiresome prolongation of the performance, ought to be enough to persuade the common sense and good feeling of audiences that all such manifestations are more honored in the breach than in the observance. The objectionable points in the first part were chiefly remarkable in the choral recitative, "He sent a thick darkness," which was sung distressingly out of tune. We are ready to own that the modulations which abound in this piece are exceedingly difficult to intone correctly by a large body of choristers, with such a preponderance of amateurs among them; still it is to be effected by study and discipline, and we think it would be advisable for Mr. Costa not to allow any one for the future to join in the public performances who has not attended at least the majority of the rehearsals. In the second part the loud and brilliant choruses were admirably executed, but those in which diversity of subject, intricacy of plan, and variety of light and shade are prominent features, gave strong evidence that much yet remains to be done by energy and perseverance. Nothing could be more satisfactory than "The horse and his rider," and "Thy right hand O Lord," but "With the blast of thy nostrils," and "The people shall hear," evinced signs of imperfection, which further and efficient rehearsals alone can rectify. The diatonic fugued choruses were generally well executed, "I will exalt Him," especially, being a highly finished example of pointed and steady part-singing. The general feeling was that the double choruses were better executed than the others, which may readily be accounted for, since, to give them due effect, the various departments of the chorus were divided, right and left, which answered very well when they had to sing separately, but, when they had to sing together, rendered them nervous and unsteady. Further practice, however, will rectify this, and such a masterpiece as *Israel in Egypt* deserves every effort that zeal and determination can suggest, to ensure a faultless execution. The additional accompaniments on this occasion, provided, we believe, by Mr. Costa, were chiefly confined to

the strengthening of the brass in the grand choruses, and this almost invariably has been effected with consummate skill. We object to the ophicleide in the "Hail-stone" chorus, which deteriorates from the clearness of the part-writing; and we think that the grave solemnity of the chorus, "And the people feared the Lord," hardly warrants the free use of trombones and other loud instruments; but in "The horse and his rider," and many others, the effect was admirable. Mr. Brownsmithe, the organist, used Mendelssohn's organ part; but he used it at discretion, and in some of the solos and duets, where it is most essential, as a substitute for Handel's traditional filling-up, we occasionally missed it altogether. On the whole, however, this performance was highly creditable to the Sacred Harmonic Society, and has redounded much to the honour of Mr. Costa, who was loudly cheered at the conclusion. We would suggest, with deference, nevertheless, that it is one thing to get up a French five-act opera, and another to get up Handel's *Israel*; and that where the elaboration of noise may be safely entrusted to the ready intelligence of practised artists (vocal and instrumental), who are familiar with and respect their conductor, the elaboration of real part-writing, such as is involved in the sublime choruses of Handel (who rarely indulges in unison), cannot, without eminent danger, be left to the chance of hurried preparation. But this applies rather to the directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society than to Mr. Costa, who, we have every reason to believe, would avail himself of as many full rehearsals as the regulations and convenience of the Society could afford him.

The solo vocalists were Misses Birch, Dolby, and L. Pyne, Messrs. Lockey, Machin, and H. Phillips. The duet, "The Lord is a man of war," between Messrs. Phillips and Machin, was encored, the noisier and indiscreeter part of the audience admitting of no denial.

On Thursday night the oratorio was repeated. His Royal Highness Prince Albert was present. Full particulars n our next.

SONNET.

NO. CXXIV.

EGYPTIAN ART.

(An Answer to the preceding Sonnet.)

Why do you show me yonder lifeless thing,
The offspring of a land, where life ne'er broke
Its fetters—growing to the ancient yoke
Imposed upon it by the priest or king?
This is the weighty argument you bring,
Putting false meaning to the words I spoke,—
What sign is here that passion ever woke?
I spoke of form the passion conquering :
Passion must first rise with its free, wild storm,
Pregnant with pains, like those that used to rack
The mythic heroes in the days of old :
Then art should come, and bring the potent form,
Forcing rude torrents to an even track ;—
'Tis not the artist, but the art that's cold.

N.D.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

(Translated from the German.)

BOOK II.

OF ART AMONG EGYPTIANS, PHENICIANS, AND PERSIANS.

CHAP. II.

(Continued from page 116.)

XVII. AFTER thus examining the drawing of the nude in the older Egyptian style, I pass over to the clothing of the figures in the same style; and begin by remarking, that it was principally of linen, which was largely cultivated in this

country, (a) and that this garment, called Kalasiris, round the lower end of which a stripe or border was worked with several folds, descended as low as their feet. Over this garment, the men threw a cloak of white cloth (b). The priests were dressed in white cotton (c). But the male figures are all naked, both in statues and in obelisks, and in other works, with the exception of an apron (d), which is placed over the hips, and covers the abdomen (e); this apron is broken into very small folds (f). If these figures represent deities, this nakedness, as among the Greeks, may seem a mere assumption; or it might be regarded as a representation of the oldest costume of the country, which was long afterwards retained by the Arabs, as these had nothing but an apron about the waist, and shoes on the feet. If they are priests, we can conceive them to resemble the sacrificial priests of the Romans, who were likewise naked to the abdomen, and wore an apron called "Limus." Thus attired, they slew the victim, as may be seen in different works in relief. Now, since the Egyptian kings, when a royal line was extinct, were chosen from among the priests, and all kings were consecrated to the priesthood, we may conclude that with this view they were clothed in a similar manner (g).

XVIII. In female figures, the dress is indicated by nothing more than a raised, or at any rate, conspicuous border on the legs and neck, as may be seen in a figure mistaken for Isis, and two other statues in the Campidoglio. In one of them the centre of the breasts is surrounded by a small circle cut into the stone, from which, as from a focus, proceed several incisions placed close to each other like radii of a wheel, nearly two fingers broad. This might be looked upon as a mere unmeaning ornament, but I am of opinion that it is intended to indicate the folds of a thick veil full across the nipple. For an Egyptian Isis (which, however, belongs to a later style,) in the Villa Albani, has upon its breasts, which at the first glance appear bare, several raised and scarcely perceptible folds, which are spread out from the centre of the breast, in precisely the same direction. The dress on the body of these figures must be simply imagined, and it is probably on this account that Herodotus conceives the twenty wooden colossal statues of King Mycerinus, in the city of Sais, to be naked, whereas they are dressed in the manner described. This is the more credible, since even the sculptor, Francis Maratti, of Padua, who restored the Capitoline statues, did not observe the projecting line, by which alone the dress can be perceived, as I conclude from the highly finished drawings which this artist presented to Pope Clement XI. Pococke makes the same remark on the dress of a sitting Isis, which, were it not for a prominent rim over the ankle, might be deemed wholly naked (h); and considers this dress to be a fine muslin, shirts of which are still worn in the East, on account of the great heat.

XIX. The sitting figure in the Barberini palace, which has been already mentioned, is dressed in a peculiar manner. The gown widens in its descent like a hill, and a notion of it may be formed from a figure given by Pococke. The gown of a female figure of blackish granite, three hands high, in the Rolandi Museum, at Rome (i), is made in the same manner, but as it is not widened at the bottom, the lower part of the figure, the feet of which are invisible, looks like a cylinder. It is holding, in its bosom, a sitting Cynocephalus* in a little box, adorned with four rows of hieroglyphics, arranged in columns.

XX. The raised and painted figures, which are preserved in

* Figure with a dog's head.

Thebes and in other Egyptian buildings, seem, like the painted dress of Osiris, to be without any *chiaro-oscuro*.* But this need not surprise us, so much as him who gives the information, for all works in relief have light and shade in themselves, whether they are of white marble, or painted one colour, and there would be nothing but confusion, if, in washing them over with colour, the artist proceeded with the elevations and depressions, as in regular painting.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(a) Salmasius concludes, from a passage by the poet Gratus, that the flax in Egypt was scarcely sufficient to clothe the priests. Pliny, however, mentions four kinds of Egyptian flax, and the poet seems only to have meant to indicate the multitude of the priests.—*Winckelmann*.

(b) Men and women had, as even their statues show, a garment hanging loosely down, without any girdle, except when they were in mourning, when their custom was quite the reverse of the Greek. According to Herodotus, that they might be able to gird themselves in such cases, they deviated from the custom of other nations, and used a band under their dress. In religious solemnities and processions, the numerous priests and consecrated women also used a girded dress, as may be seen in the *Pompa Iasiaca* in the Palace Mattel.—*Fea*.

(c) Pliny, Plutarch, and Gratus Faliscus expressly say that the priests wore linen garments, on which account they are called *linigeri*. This is not contradicted by Pliny, when he assures us that the cotton garments were most agreeable to the priests, since this does not at all exclude the use of another material for clothing. According to Herodotus, the priests only made use of linen garments; and this was probably the case in his time, because the cotton stuffs came to Egypt from India, and were therefore, not very common. We are still more confirmed in this opinion by the fact, that this author never speaks of the cultivation of cotton in Egypt, but does mention it in India. Afterwards the cotton tree was transplanted, perhaps by the Greeks, into some parts of Egypt, especially the eastern. From that time forward the priests probably used this material, on account of its whiteness and softness. Wool, properly so called, they abominated, because of its animal origin.

(d) Two females with an apron on, to be seen on the Tablet of Isis.—*Siebelis*.

(e) The male Egyptian figures have also very frequently a large neck-band, which hangs down upon the heart. Other male Egyptian figures have a sort of stola, and others are entirely clothed.—*Fea*.

(f) According to Visconti, neither the apron nor the ordinary cap in the male Egyptian figures are in folds, but are made of a striped stuff. As a proof, he makes this quotation from Plutarch:—"The sacerdotal and sacred garments of the Egyptians are made with alternate black and chintz, to signify that many human notions respecting the gods are clear and certain, but many dark and doubtful."—*Meyer*.

(g) The royal dignity in Egypt was hereditary. If there were no successor in the royal family, one was chosen from the class of priests or warriors. In the latter case, he was at once obliged to join the sacerdotal class, not to perform its functions, but to be instructed in the Egyptian wisdom.—*Fea*.

(h) The same might be said of some priests, who carry a little book, with an Egyptian figure on the bas-relief of Ozymandias's monument. A ridge on the arms and shin bones is scarcely to be observed.—*Fea*.

(i) This Museum Rolandi-Magnini, once so celebrated for curiosities of every kind, has, in consequence of various events, been almost utterly destroyed.—*Fea*.

The figure in question, which has been taken to the Pio-Clementine Museum, is not female but male, as is shown by the shoulders, the bosom, and the hands. It is probably a pastophorus, holding in a little box, the sitting figure of a cercopithecus (tailed ape). The feet are wanting, and the head is partially restored.—*Fea*.

(To be continued.)

* "Nordens' Travels in Egypt" is here cited as the authority.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE notes of preparation are being sounded within the walls of this great establishment. All will be prepared by Saturday next, the opening night of the season. The chorus-painters have been put in rehearsal for some time. The scene-painters are busy—the carpenters and decorators are hard at work. Mr. Frederick Gye inspects all, and where could there

be found a more able supervisor. The new alterations respecting the amphitheatre will find favour in the eyes of the public. The late frequenters to the pit on crowded nights may now hope for more convenient places than heretofore. The band rehearsals will take place early in the ensuing week. Mario, Madame Dorus, and Massol have arrived. Pauline Leroux is hourly expected. It has not as yet transpired, perhaps it has not been determined by the management, who plays Alfonso. Our speculation points to Lavia, or Luigi-Mei. It were much to be desired that Salvi would undertake that brilliant tenor part. But we must not grumble. We have not the least doubt but that *Masaniello* will be given at the Royal Italian Opera in a style of splendor and completeness never before effected, or hardly contemplated. The magnificent band and chorus will bring out with the most brilliant effect the luminous and delightful concerted music of the *Mallette de Portici*; while in the principal character, we may pronounce, without hazard of recall, the achievement of Mario as certain to equal, if not surpass, all his former efforts. The splendid vocalization of Madame Dorus Gras will tell surprisingly in the music of *Elvira*; and Massol will, doubtless, gain new laurels in *Pietro*.

The delicious ballet music will be given entire. Auber will be treated with more reverence than Rossini. *Masaniello* will not, like *Guillaume Tell*, be shorn of its exquisite dances. And here, *en passant*, let us pray, that when *Guillaume Tell* is next performed, the management will not strip it of some of its loveliest music. In *Masaniello*, as far as we learn, we shall have nothing to complain of on this head. Every note of the music will be preserved. The ballet, or ballets, in the opera will be under the direction of Madame Wauthier, a clever and experienced artist. Louise Taglioni and M. Alexandre will be the principal dancers. The lady has already achieved a fair popularity at her Majesty's Theatre. The gentleman is unknown.

The performance will conclude with the opera; or, perhaps, with a brief *divertissement*—no more. So much for the opening night.

The next novelty after *Masaniello* will be the appearance of Catherine Hayes. Our fair countrywoman will make her *début* in *Lucia*, or *Linda*. After Catherine Hayes, Mlle. Angri will come out in *Arsace* (*Semiramide*), Cenerentola, or Rosina (*Barbiere*). The greatest expectations are formed of the two fair artistes. The latter is described to us as an actress of extraordinary pretensions, full of fire, of power, of passion, and so forth. Catherine Hayes, on the contrary, rejoices in the *sauveter in modo*. Her style is the tender and pathetic. She breathes more freely in an atmosphere of sensibility and softness. Next among the *débutantes* will appear the fair Mlle. Meric. She will *début* probably in *Lucrezia Borgia*, or the *Gazza Ladra*. The greatest expectations cannot be indulged in about this young *cantratrice*. She is almost a novice on the stage, but her voice, by all accounts, is of the finest quality.

We have said enough at present to show what may be expected in the forthcoming season at the Royal Italian Opera. Ronconi's re-engagement must not be overlooked. This alone would constitute a great feature in the season. Ronconi will undertake all Rovere's parts. We shall have the two greatest living barytones, Tamburini and Ronconi, performing together for the first time. Of Grisi, Pauline Viardot, Mesdames Ronconi, Steffanoni, and Corbari, it is not necessary to speak.

We shall have something more to say next week: till when let the admirers of the Royal Italian Opera chew upon the above.

OUR DINNER TO TOM MOORE.

THE fire blazed cheerfully ; my slippers feet were on the fender ; myself in my lazy arm-chair enjoying the Paradise of Tom Gray, a quiet lounge, and a new novel. On my right Voltaire grinned in marble ; on my left reclined a Venus, in all the luxuriance of unveiled beauty—her swelling bosom—her ripe pouting lips—her arms milky white—her soft blue eyes lit up by love—the sweet impersonations, as it were, of the Roman lyrist's laughing Erycina, whom Jokes and Loves surround.

A moonbeam, which had stolen through one of my windows where the curtain was but partially drawn, shed a silver radiance on a Parian urn, over which a few wild flowers, strung together with picturesque negligence, breathed forth a rich perfume ; while a harp, from which, not an hour ago, arose the very soul of music, blended with a voice of Amphionian sweetness (Thine, ever dearest —) stood beside my table, and reflected the pure moonlight. My papers were strewed around me—a mass of manuscripts in chaotic confusion. Here a Pindaric ode, long and slender, was jostled by a burly democratic-looking sonnet — there a weeping elegy was fairly put out of countenance by a laughing rosy-cheeked Anacreontique, all mirth and merriness, like a flask of whiskey or a country priest. Here was a host of epigrams ; beside them lay a heap of old coins and medals. In this corner simpered a serenade ; in that lurked a libel on the immaculate author of *Lalla Rookh*. An Atheneus in red morocco and gold edges rose before me, stately and corpulent as an Alderman ; close by him were thrown the Priapeian poems of Rochester, Sedley, and Tom Little ; all sparkling with vivacity, and grace, and sprightliness—full of amorous madrigals and Fescennine conceits. Around me in every direction were thrown my books, anthologies of many languages—choice repositories of all that is most rich and rare in Eloquence, Philosophy, Poesy, or Fiction, in various sizes and motley bindings, scattered on my table, on my carpet, and on my lounger, with the graceful carelessness of a true bookman. I took off my spectacles—placed them on a copy of Drunken Barnabee's Journal at my elbow, and leaning backward in my chair, I sang out almost involuntarily, in the contented couplet of that dear Catullus :—

"Quis me uno vivit felicior, aut magis hic est
Optandum vitâ dicere quis potest?"

By Venus, (a love oath), not a Mahometan feasting in fancy on the delicious pleasures of his Oriental Heaven—its groves and fountains, and gardens and bowers, its "Hour of resplendent beauty," as old Gibbon calls them, with large dark eyes that look into the very soul, and smiles like flowers garlanded, and figures graceful as the cypress, and lips ruddy as the berries of Bimber, ever felt a moment of more perfect sunlight of the soul. How indeed could it be otherwise ? I was in mine own inn, by mine own fireside, and with a bottle of the best whiskey, (on which the evil eye of a gauger never winked,) beaming before me, clear as the waters of Castaly itself, and as the initiated well know, infinitely more inspiring. And there, enjoying the very poetry of life, and revelling in the Circean charms of potheen, with my books around me like friends, and a thousand rainbow-like fancies flitting across my mind, sat I, John Boyle, a careless, Comus-like little fellow.

"Inter senem juvenemque, sed proprior seni.—SENECA EDIP."

sipping philosophy and strong waters in the same breath, the living type of that Paradisiac word, *comfort*. I was as light and gay and joyous as a Cupid, and in a delightful, or, as Crofton

Croker says, *cosey* state of half-and-half felicity, such as the gods of Olympus might have envied, when I was suddenly aroused from my reveries, by a loud knocking at my door. To rise up and admit my visitor was the work of a moment ; and I had no sooner done so, and discovered on his body the livery of the renowned Croker, than I easily conjectured it must have been no ordinary matter which could have induced our chaplain to break in on my sober musings at that late hour of the night. My speculations were quickly brought to an end, for the fellow, opening the leaves of a queer-looking volume which he carried under his arm, drew forth one of the most eccentric notes it was ever the fate of reader to peruse. Before I broke the seal, I made a sign to the messenger to be seated, and, as is customary with me on such occasions, mixed for him a tumbler, fortified with a double charge of the real native. I then flung myself into my chair, took up my spectacles, and drawing my lamp to my elbow, opened the letter, and read, with infinite delight, the following announcement :—

" Pig and Whistle.—Past twelve at night.

"BOYLE, MY DEAR.—Tommy Moore is in town : let us invite him to our Club, and make the greatest goose of him that ever was seen.

"Thine, T. C. C."

Having read the letter twice over, for it would be affectation to deny that I was at this period a little bothered in the upper story, I turned to the bearer, and was well pleased to observe that the liquor which I had brewed for him, had suited his fancy to a miracle. Indeed, there remained but a very, *very* small quantity in the glass—so small, that it made me think of a lawyer's honesty, or a statesman's learning. Without saying a syllable, I mixed another jorum for the man, and drawing my desk to my side, wrote a reply—such, of course, as it pleased Fortune—for, to the present hour, I am unconscious of its contents. Incomprehensible I fear it must have been, and a sad scrawl to boot ; for thirteen tumblers of Middleton potheen are not such excellent soberingers, as the same quantity of Spa water. Although my hand was not at the moment the steadiest in the world, and though I saw no less than two sheets of paper, in both of which I wrote in the same instant greatly to my surprise, while half-a-dozen lamps, at least, stood laughing around me, I managed, by some godsend of luck, to seal it up and direct it properly ; and having seen the bearer to the door—

* * * * *

Next morning, on waking, I found myself sitting very comfortably on the hearth-rug with Drunken Barnabee's Journal open on my knee, and the following choice fragment of philosophy gaping me full in the face :—

"Ego enim mundum totum
Tanti esse quantum potum
Semper duxi : mori mallem
Nobilem quam vitare illam.
Sobrius similis appet agno
Ebrius Alexandre Magno."

"For the world I so far prize it,
But for liquor I'd despise it ;
Thousand deaths I'd rather die, too,
Than hold ale mine enemy, too.
Sober, lamb-like, do I wander—
Drunk, I'm stout as Alexander !"

I blushed up to the eyes, glanced with shame and sorrow at the moral Epictetus which lay gravely at my feet, flung Barnabee out of the window, and myself into bed, *oblitus Potheeni obliviscendusque illo.*

* * * * *

One of the highest moral qualities is temperance. It ennobles

man above any other virtue, and renders him fit for the companionship of angels themselves. It may be regarded in two lights, as the great good of existence—morally, to wit, and physically. Intemperance is a base and ungentlemanly vice. It blunts the edge of the mind—utterly incapacitates it for any exertion—deadens all the finer moral feelings of the soul, and reduces the glorious divinity within the shrine of man to the abject condition of a brute, &c.

* * * * *

It was some hours after noon, when I was awakened by a voice in my bed-chamber singing loudly some latin versicles of Skelton, the licentious laureate of the Eighth Henry. I had been dreaming a moment before, that I was in the hall, so graphically described by Rabelais, and that the most excellent Friar John, and my worship, were drinking brandy and water, and smoking cheroots, at table, in company with Socrates, Lord Bacon, Cicero, and Jack Ketch! the former of whom his reverence was striving to amuse with his old favourite chorus :

"Awake, O Reinian, awake!
Awake, O Reinian, oh!
Get up for a pot and a cake,
With a diddledum, diddledum, do!"

what the exact verses were, with which I was awakened, I cannot now very positively say, but they have so great an affinity to the scene in which I had first in fancy been engaged—for dreams are the comedies of sleep—that on opening my eyes I turned to the quarter from whence the voice proceeded, and bawled out, "so Friar John, it is all true, and we are in hell at last, God be praised!" The only response which I received, was a hearty fit of laughter, and a tweak on the nose which fully aroused me. I started up, and beheld, not the jolly monk whom the vicar of Meudon had portrayed in that amazing phantasmagoria of learning, genius, and imagination which bears his name, but a worthy descendant, imitator, and rival of that noble prototype—to wit Father Francis Rabelais the Rake—better known to the community as Father Prout. I was about to take vengeance on the priest for the smart nose-pull which he had given me, and to fling whatever came to my hand at his sconce, but he disarmed my anger in a trice by some piece of waggery which it is not worth while to repeat, and which had the effect of setting me into a burst of laughter almost as inextinguishable as that in which Homer's Gods delighted to indulge. However, when I had fully got over it, I jumped out of bed, and only then discovered that I had a second time gone to sleep in my clothes! A few words of explanation from Prout as to the cause of his visit set all to rights, and having drawn the razor smoothly over my chin, well lathered with some of the immortal *Eukalyptosvesuvus*, and drank off a bottle of Sauterne, I took the priest by the arm, and out we sauntered in search of Croker. We found our friend over a chop and bottle of ale, at Mrs. Buttock's, in Bull-dog Lane, while with his left hand he was scribbling off an article for the Quarterly Review. We were about to enter on the business which brought us, when he reminded us very good humouredly and appropriately of the axiom of the satiric Persius—*Ingenis largitor venter*,—"therefore," said he, "as this is a literary matter which we are about to discuss, before we begin you had better put that important organ into good humour with itself as soon as you can, and follow my example." We did not need much pressing; I called for a rump-steak and a tumbler of brandy and water, hot; Prout contented himself with a yard of black pudding, a pot of beer, and a pipe; and

thus equipped, we sat down to deliberate with the gravity of Dutch burgomasters, upon the great field day in contemplation.

Croker soon initiated us into all his plans. Mr. Moore, had, it seems, just arrived in town, on his way from Lord ——'s, whether he had been induced to go principally by the excellent sparrow-shooting which is to be had in that quarter. Croker proposed that we of the club should invite this Paphian poet-laureate to a grand feed, and as there really was no reason why we should not, it became my duty, as secretary, to solicit the honor of the little man's company, &c., &c. For this purpose, I was dispatched straight from Mrs. Buttock's to this atom of a minstrel with my credentials, and luckily found him at his lodgings, at the *Cat and Bagpipes*, in Petticoat lane. On sending up my name, I was ushered without delay into the presence of the poet (by courtesy), whom I found, like Addison's Sir Trusty, in the tinkling opera of Fair Rosamond :

"With whiskers curl'd and shoe-strings tied,
A dish of pork smok'd by his side."

He was standing with his back to the fire, with a long cigar in his mouth, and a flask full of Cork whiskey, just uncorked, in his right hand. He was dressed in a brown frock coat, yellow cassimere vest, and gray duck trowsers. A blue silk neckerchief tied loosely about his throat, was fastened in front by a silver pin. A white hat, yellow gloves, and Wellingtons, completed his equipment. As he and I were old college chums, though we had not met for some years, he advanced and saluted me with great appearance of cordiality. My message was dispatched in a few minutes, my invitation given and accepted, and having tossed off a couple of glasses of grog together, I took my leave, chuckling inwardly at the coming fun, and issued circulars to the other literary members of the association, and the fellows of our own club.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

ON Monday evening Mr. Ransford took a benefit, when *Othello* was produced—the first time for six years—followed by a miscellaneous Concert, in which Sims Reeves, Miss Ransford, Miss Dolby, and several other popular vocalists assisted; the performance concluding with the favourite farce, the *Pas de Fascination*.

The tragedy was received with great applause by a very crowded audience, and was cast in the principal parts as follows:—Mr. James Wallack, Othello; Mr. Charles Kean, Iago; Mr. Creswick, Cassio; Mrs. Charles Kean, Emilia; and Miss Laura Addison, Desdemona.

To our thinking, this disposition of characters might have been altered with much improvement to the general performance. Mr. Wallack and Mr. Charles Kean might have alternated parts with advantage; and Mrs. Charles Kean might have assumed Desdemona, and left the personation of the heavy tragedy woman, Emilia, to Miss Laura Addison. That Mrs. Charles Kean did not play Desdemona surprised us not a little. Her gentleness, delicacy, and natural qualities, would have exactly fitted the character, which stands prominent for feminine grace and tenderness among all the female portraits of Shakspere. Mrs. Charles Kean's Emilia was an admirable performance, judicious, energetic, and not wanting in power; but Mrs. Charles Kean's Desdemona would, we fancy, have been more truthful and beautiful. The fair actress, who has charmed all hearts by her Viola and Ophelia,

would have found a more befitting vehicle in Desdemona, to testify the softer characteristics of her style, than in Emilia, which requires peculiar force and vehemence in the interpretation.

Miss Laura Addison displayed considerable feeling in the "gentle Desdemona," and in the scene where she learns Othello's accusation, somewhat surprised the audience by the reality of her passion. In the earlier and more homely scenes she did not appear so much at her ease; and here we could not help feeling the loss of Mrs. Charles Kean.

Of Mr. Wallack's Othello, we are bound to speak in terms of no small praise; and when we consider that the character is beyond the pale of his ordinary performances, our praise must be aggravated. All the earlier portion of the tragedy, more especially Othello's speech to the senate, the address to Desdemona on his arrival at Cyprus, the rebuke to Michael Cassio for his drunkenness, and the dialogue with Iago, when Othello's suspicions are first inflamed,—betokened no mean tragic powers in the artist. His declamation was admirable; his reading excellent; and his conception of the part throughout better than we have seen displayed by more highly reputed actors. If we would take exceptions to Mr. Wallack's Othello, it is, that in the pathetic passages it was somewhat wanting in intensity, and in the sudden bursts of rage it did not betoken that overwhelming power, nor that vivid abstraction, which we confess we have rarely witnessed, but which, nevertheless, are requisite to delineate the noble Moor with life-like reality. Mr. Wallack managed the death scene with capital effect. We must say, in conclusion, that it is no small merit on the part of this favorite actor, that he exhibited in Othello no copy nor resemblance to any tragedian living or dead; and, therefore, all the applause bestowed upon his performance, must be attributed solely to himself. Mr. Wallack gave us no second-hand reading of Kemble, Kean, or Macready. In the present day, this is no small compliment.

We must confess we had our misgivings when we saw Mr. Charles Kean announced for Iago; and we grieved that he should have undertaken that part, instead of Othello; nor were our misgivings entirely dissipated after witnessing the performance. Mr. Charles Kean has hardly the countenance to represent the demoniacal passions. Although full of expression and intelligence, his face cannot put on the darker and more terrible shades of human feeling,—

There is no laughing devil in his sneer,—

and hence the actor appeared to far greater advantage in the lighter portions of Iago, and in those in which he assumed a virtuous and blunt exterior. Indeed, if possible, these were too well performed; for the assumption would have passed on ourselves for reality, had we not been in the secret. The scenes with Roderigo were particularly happy, and nothing could be better than the one in which Iago urges on Cassio to drink. Again, we were most struck with Mr. Charles Kean's acting in the riot scene, when Othello finds Cassio drunk, and demands an explanation of Iago. The actor's masked confusion and hesitation were admirable, and the stammering manner in which he delivered his seeming apologies for Cassio, were in the highest degree artistic. In brief, we found nothing that was not excellent in Mr. Charles Kean's Iago, excepting in the soliloquies and the last scene, which we fancied were somewhat wanting in that fiendishness of look and feeling which we consider belong to the "demi-devil" of Shakespere. It is but just to the artist to say, that we always found the same fault in Mr. Young's performance of Iago, and that we were almost isolated in our opinions. We

could never feel convinced that Mr. Young could personate or look the "villain."

Mr. Creswick's Cassio merits commendation. It was hardly light enough, and might have been more elegant, without diminishing its effect.

The play was put on the stage with much splendor. The dresses were tasteful and appropriate, and the scenery in the usual style of excellence which distinguishes this theatre.

Great applause followed the close of the performance, and all the principal artists were recalled, amidst enthusiastic cheers.

We have only one word to expend on the concert which followed.—Mr. Sims Reeves bore away the honors, and Miss Dolby followed closely in the wake of the great tenor. Nor must we forget Miss Ransford, who won much favour by her simple and graceful style of singing. Mr. Thirlwall led the band, and Mr. W. L. Phillips conducted.

OLYMPIC.

FLETCHER'S comedy, or, as the bills style it, "Curious old Comedy," of the *Woman Hater*; or, the *Hungry Courtier*, was produced on Monday, and met with unequivocal and well merited success. The *Woman Hater* was originally written in five acts, but has been condensed into three acts by Mr. Henry Spicer, a gentleman well known in dramatic circles by several excellent works for the stage. If any curious reader desire to know why Mr. Spicer cut, hacked, and hewed the old comedy, we refer him to the perusal of the *Woman Hater*, in Fletcher's works, and he will find therein ample apology for Mr. Spicer's condensation.

The *Woman Hater* was last represented in London, in 1649, exactly two hundred years—a curious coincidence, as the gentleman with the red face said to Mr. Pickwick, when they were both going on the outside of the coach to Bath. The second title, the *Hungry Courtier*, was added in 1649, in consequence of the great popularity achieved by the actor who performed Lazarillo, or, perhaps, in consequence of the predominance and excellence of the character itself.

The plot of the *Woman Hater* has one grand radical error, which, however, escapes the spectator more than the reader. There is something, nothing short of fiendish, in Gondarino's retort on Oriana; and scarcely any excellence of writing or comic development of character can make amends for an incident so dark, treacherous, and revolting. The reader will understand us better when we have given a short outline of the story.

The Duke of Milan (Mr. Norton) has seen and loved Oriana (Mrs. Stirling), the sister of Count Valore (Mr. Leigh Murray). Oriana is anxious to go to court, and cannot be dissuaded by her brother. On her way she is overtaken by a storm, and, partly through a spirit of fun and whim, she rushes with her female attendant to the house of Lord Gondarino (Mr. Stuart), a notorious woman-hater. Gondarino endeavours to get rid of her, offers to turn her out, insults her with most ungallant language, and even threatens to kick, but all to no purpose—the lady is inflexible; the spirit of mischief has seized her, and she uses all her wiles and artifices to make Gondarino love her, though she cares nothing for him. The Duke arrives, and is astonished at beholding Oriana in Gondarino's house. He suspects Gondarino, and accuses him of pretending hatred to woman that he may the better disguise his lascivious purposes. Gondarino at first protests against this notion, but finding the Duke determined in his suspicions, a sudden thought comes into his head, that by avowing love for Oriana, and declaring that she loved him even beyond what

prudence would sanction, he might retaliate on Oriana for her mischievous intention. In pursuance of this plan, he acquaints the Duke that Oriana is his mistress. The Duke believes him, but asserts that unless he gives him proof thereof, he shall lose his head. Now is his invention put to the proof. When Oriana again comes forward and uses her seductions and her smiles, she is much surprised at finding Gondarino full of ardour and love, in place of revilings and repulsions. He persuades her to leave his house, telling her it would not be for her honour and her fame to remain longer, and take refuge in the house of a lady. This lady, Julia by name (Miss Acosta), turns out to be an old mistress of Gondarino's, and a noted woman of pleasure. When Oriana arrives at her house, Gondarino flies to the Duke and tells him he can give him and Valore instant proof of Oriana's dishonour. He leads them to Julia's house, and they see Oriana seated at the balcony. This was proof sufficient to blast any maiden's fame; but the brother relies upon his sister's honour, and demands further proof. He desires Gondarino to converse with Oriana from the balcony, whilst he and the Duke stand apart. Gondarino attempts to brazen it out, but is exposed in the brief dialogue that ensues between him and Oriana. The Duke and brother rush forward somewhat prematurely, and this gives Gondarino an opportunity of demanding a second ordeal to put the lady's honesty to the proof. She is led to the house of the Duke, and then, overheard by the Duke, Valore, and Gondarino, she is introduced into a darkened hall, and is seized by a mock assassin, who says he has the Duke's orders to murder her for incontinency with Gondarino. She declares her innocence, says she can die with a pure conscience, and offers her heart to the assassin's knife without shrinking. The agent then changes his tactics, and offers her life and liberty on condition she accedes to his illicit desires. This she repudiates with horror, and the consequence is, the Duke and Valore, perceiving her innocence, rush in, expose the plot to her, and the former offers her his hand, which she accepts. Oriana then entreats the Duke to place the punishment of Gondarino in her hands. To this he agrees, whereupon Oriana has Gondarino placed in a chair and bound with thongs, and sends for a certain number of court ladies, who surround him and plague him almost to death with annoyances and freedoms. In this manner the comedy concludes.

The reader cannot fail to perceive that there is something strangely discrepant, if not quite revolting, in the character of Gondarino. The feeling he bore to womankind could hardly, if he were drawn from nature, have induced him to direct his general hatred, or it may be detestation towards universal woman, against an individual with such fiendish malice as to lead him to persecute her even to the loss of honour and life itself, when the only crime she committed was a mischievous freak. This is the great error of the plot, and must always tend to render it, to a certain degree, dissatisfactory in representation.

There is a second plot dove-tailed with the first, and which supplies the chief comic portions. Lazarillo is a hungry, or more properly, an Epicurean courtier. He learns that the Duke of Milan, to whom he is unknown, has been presented with an Umbrana's head, a dish to which he was enthusiastically devoted. The "Umbrana" was a fish of the sturgeon species, and was much sought after by the epicures of the day. Lazarillo gets Valore to introduce him to the Duke, in the hope that he might be invited to partake of the Umbrana's head. On arriving at the Duke's, he is informed that the Duke has sent the fish's head to Gondarino's. Thither he follows his beloved dish. At Gondarino's he finds that the

Umbrana is gone to his mercer's, and on going to the mercer's it has fled to Julia's. Here he is at length about to enjoy the treasure of his heart, when he is apprehended, and carried before a justice on a charge of treason, from which he is released by the interference of Count Valore. Finally, he returns to Julia's, and sups off the Umbrana's head.

Mr. Compton played Lazarillo with admirable effect. His very fingers seemed hungry while contemplating by anticipation the possession of the Umbrana. Mr. Stuart was, perhaps, somewhat too comic in Gondarino; nevertheless, he supported the character throughout with untiring spirit, and never acted better. Mr. Leigh Murray had but a small part to play, but what he did was easy and gentleman-like. Mrs. Sterling was as handsome, as pleasing, and as becomingly dressed as ever. She performed Oriana with much effect, and was very impressive in the last scene.

The getting up of the piece reflects the greatest credit on the management. The dresses and appointments were striking and appropriate, and the scenery most excellent. The last scene was particularly beautiful, and exhibited the skill and taste of Mr. Davidson, under whose direction all these matters take place, in the most favourable light.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

OPERA COMIQUE.—The master-piece of Grétry, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, was produced on Monday last, we may say, for the first time in England. The story is too interesting a feature in the history of the lion-hearted king of England to require any explanation of ours; and its treatment by Sedaine, who wrote the majority of the poems of Grétry's operas, is mostly in accordance with the chronicles of the period. The only incident which requires a little clearing up is, the sudden appearance of Marguérite, Countess of Flanders and Artois, who arrives with her suite at the precise moment when wanted, and aids in the delivery of Richard. Who this lady was we have no means of knowing, history being silent on her existence; and we strongly suspect that she is an invention of Sedaine's, who preferred the rather impossible feat of delivering the prisoner, after having taken by surprise the castle in which he is confined, to the more true but less romantic incident of the payment of an enormous ransom to the treacherous Duke of Austria. The music of the opera must not be judged by the present standard; it must be remembered that it was written many years before the first revolution, when music was quite in its infancy in France, and at a period when Rousseau's *Devin du village* was considered a startling and daring innovation. Grétry, as well as Rousseau, had profited largely by his knowledge of the Italian composers of his age, and to his residence in Italy we must attribute this attempt at opera on a scale until then unknown in France, and which, indeed, before them, was nothing more than comedy in prose or verse, into which a song, a duo, or a chorus was incidentally introduced. We may find abundant examples of this in Molière's masks and mythological interludes, writ ten for the court at Versailles, and in the compositions of Lulli. Any attempt at concerted pieces was unknown in France before the time of Rousseau and Grétry; and, however we may smile at some of the attempts of the latter, in the opera now under notice, we may mention, as an example, the trio in the third act, between Marguérite, Lauréte, and Blondel, which is, in point of fact, a duo, the two women singing in unison; yet, we must acknowledge the advance made in the right direction, although not always perfectly successful. The orchestral accompaniments have been corrected and strengthened by Adam, on its restoration last year, at the Opera

Comique, in Paris. This has been done, with due regard to the originality of the author, and we cannot complain of any undue tampering with the score. M. Adam has merely supplied what modern ingenuity and invention in instrumentation have furnished; and which, had they existed in the author's own lifetime, he would most certainly have turned to account. We must, therefore, look upon *Richard Coeur de Lion* more in the light of a curiosity than of a work of talent which commands attention from its own intrinsic merit. The concerted pieces are, in general, failures: the overture is nothing more than a succession of *motifs*, strung together, without much regard to construction or order. There are several pleasing melodies scattered about the play "Je crains de lui parler la nuit," is pretty, and was nicely sung by Mdlle. Charton; the famous song, "O Richard, O mon Roi," was given with much feeling by M. Couderc; it was unanimously encored, as was also the Bacchanalian song "Que le Sultan Saladin," with the chorus "C'est bien, c'est encore bien," in which the singer accompanied himself, or feigned to accompany himself on the violin, we scarcely know which, so well was it done or imitated, as the case may be. The duo "Un bandeau couvre ses yeux," in which Mdlle. Charton repeats the music sung by M. Couderc, was warmly and deservedly applauded. "Une fièvre brûlante," sung by Richard, M. Bonnamy, as also by M. Couderc, and which is repeated several times during the opera, is plaintive and melodious. On the whole, the audience seemed highly pleased, the actors did their best, and the piece, with the exception of some want of precision in the orchestra, and an occasional wavering in the choruses, went off uncommonly well. Mdlle. Charton, although she had not much to do, was, as usual, highly efficient and pains-taking; M. Couderc played and sang his part like a very clever artist, which he is; Mdlle. Guichard rendered the part of Antonio highly interesting; and M. Buguet contributed to the success of the performance by his careful rendering of the part of Williams. M. Bonnamy was rather weak as the lion-hearted king, and, indeed, until we get an author who will make a bass part of Richard, we shall get nothing physically like him; the two examples we have had being most cruel counterfeits—we allude to M. Bonnamy, on the present occasion, and to M. Ivanhoff, some nine or ten years ago, who played the part of Richard in Signor Costa's *Malek Adel*, at Her Majesty's Theatre. The *Concert à la Cour*, by Auber, was in striking contrast with Grétry's music, and, although not in the author's best style, proved the immense progress made in the musical art. The story is soon told. Astucio is an Italian *maître de chapelle*, and superintendent of music at the court of a German prince. The superintendent has a wife, who is prima donna at the opera, and the consequence is a complete monopoly in their hands of all musical engagements. In vain the prince attempts to get something in the shape of novelty, Astucio puts in his veto, and reigns triumphant. The arrival of a young lady (Adèle) makes him tremble for his omnipotence: in vain he attempts to play off against her all those little treacherous, murderous tricks which artists so unhesitatingly employ against one another; the prince is in the league against him, and he is fairly beaten, and his wife hissed and hooted off the stage by the very cabal which he had got up against her rival, and which he had forgotten to countermand. The plot of the piece is well managed, and it was well acted by Mdlles. Charton and Guichard and MM. Bonnamy, Soyer, and Chateaufort. The air "du Rossignol," was brilliantly sung by Mdlle. Charton, and well accompanied on the flute by M. Demeur.

J. DE C.—

WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The last Concert of the present series took place this week, but, as we have noticed elsewhere, the season has been prolonged to eight more concerts. The performance commenced with the overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, one of Rossini's most brilliant and dramatic preludes, which afforded Mr. Willy's band an excellent occasion to exhibit its capabilities in solo and *ensemble* playing. The first section of the first part, was devoted to a selection from Bellini's *Puritani*, the text being rendered into English, according to the custom practised by the directors, and which appears to fit the ears of the auditors, more than it does the voices of the singers. The quartet, "The stars serenely shining," (*La luna il sol*), was given by Mrs. A. Newton, and the Messrs. Williams, Weiss, and Whitworth. Mdlle. Nissen followed in the aria, "Qui la voce;" and Whitworth succeeded her in the romanza, "Ah, per sempre." Then came the "A te o cara" quartet, sung by Mdlle. Nissen and the Messrs. Sims Reeves, Weiss, and Whitworth. The romance, "A una fonte," was next given by Sims Reeves; after which we had the Polacca, "Son vergin vazzosa," for Mdlle. Nissen, Mrs. Newton, and Messrs. Weiss and Williams; and the selection concluded with the trumpet duet, "Suoni la tromba," loudly vociferated by Weiss and Whitworth.—The extract from the *Puritani* did not greatly please us. The singers exerted themselves most effectively, and Mr. Sims Reeves did wonders with his share of the music; but as Bellini's music in this opera never afforded us much delight on the stage, its proper arena, it is not to be supposed that we derived any heartfelt pleasure from its performance in the concert room. Nor did the audience seem to have been elevated to any extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm by the selection, as only one encore was awarded; namely, to the trumpet duet. Thalberg's grand pianoforte duet on themes from *Norma* was executed by Kate Loder and Mr. Rockstro with excellent effect; the lady, as a matter of course, by right of concession and by right of talent, bearing off the greater portion of the honors. Kate Loder has become undoubtedly one of the most brilliant ornaments of the Wednesday Concerts, and has established herself as one of the greatest favorites appertaining thereto. Mr. Stammers must not lose sight of this gifted young artist, who may be said, indeed, to have talent at her fingers' ends. In the chaste and beautiful duet, "The Sabbath morn," of Mendelssohn, the Misses Williams obtained a well-merited encore. Miss Dolby gave Alboni's romance from the *Huguenots* with even greater effect than on the former occasion of her singing it; and Mr. Sims Reeves produced an immense impression by his exquisite vocalisation in "Adelaida." Spohr's placid and graceful ballad-song, "The bird and the maiden," beautifully accompanied on the flute by Mr. Carte, was rendered by Miss A. Williams with the nicest possible feeling and expression. Holmes' very elegant song, "Scenes of childhood," sung by Miss Dolby, was unanimously encored, and the first part concluded with Weber's *Jubilee* overture.—The second part appeared to please the audience most. The encores were more numerous, and the applause unbounded. Holmes' duet, "The Swiss maiden," sung by the Misses Williams—Loder's "Brave old oak," by Whitworth—"Why are you wand'r'ing," by Miss Poole—and Mr. Harper in a trumpet solo, obtained encores. Besides these, other pieces were given which claim especial notice, and which, though not encored, merited encores. These were, "The death of Nelson," by Mr. Sims Reeves; Dibdin's sea-song, "Ned that died at sea," by Miss Dolby; and Miss M. Williams' interpretation of Moore's Irish melody—and what a melody!—"The harp that once

through Tara's halls." The overture to the *Cheval de Bronze* was the instrumental feature of the second part. The hall was crowded to excess. The performance was over by eleven o'clock.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S third chamber concert took place on Tuesday, the 20th instant. The following was the programme :

PART I.

Trio—Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—(In C Minor, Op. 1) Beethoven.
Aria—Miss Mathews, "Dove sono"—(Le Nozze di Figaro) Mozart.
Sonata Appassionato—Pianoforte—(In F Minor, Op. 57). Beethoven.

PART II.

Quartet—Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—(In E flat) Beethoven.
Song—Miss Mathews, "Rose softly blooming" Spohr.
Miscellaneous Selection—Pianoforte Mendelssohn, Weber.
EXECUTANTS.—Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; Violin, Mr. Seymour; Violoncello, Mr. Thorley; Accompanist, Mr. D. W. Banks.

Through the kindness of a musical friend we got the unexpected present of a ticket to Hallé's third concert, on Tuesday, the 20th instant. The programme given above shows that it was a chamber concert of the very highest order; in speaking of it, we find ourselves utterly at a loss for words to express the delight we felt, instrumental music of this class being quite beyond the ordinary terms employed in criticism. The composers' names at once betoken how classic was the selection. Out of six pieces, there was the sonata appassionato, a trio, and a quartet of Beethoven's; a prelude of Mendelssohn's, and a rondo of Weber's for the pianoforte, to say nothing of the "Dove Sono" of Mozart, and Spohr's "Rose softly blooming," introduced, as usual, at these instrumental concerts by way of relief. We scarcely know which to praise most. To take them in the order of performance, we must notice the lovely *motivo* of the slow movement, in the trio, "Andante con variazioni;" it was pre-eminently beautiful, and Hallé's playing in the variations on the pianoforte, was perfection itself. The fantasia imitations or responses, between violin and pianoforte, in the *scherzo*, were equally worthy of notice for their clever performance by Mr. Hallé and Mr. Seymour. Mr. Thorley, too, ought not to be overlooked; his firm fingerling, and powerful, yet sweet tones, on the violoncello, were of no little value in giving effect to this splendid trio. Miss Mathews sang Mozart's lovely aria very neatly, and was much applauded; we did not like her near so well in Spohr's song, which she accompanied herself. The sonata appassionato, interpreted as it was by Mr. Hallé, presented to the mind a picture of singular wildness, gloomy grandeur, yet beauty withal, reminding us of Salvator Rosa, in the sister art. And then again the andante with its soothing subject, brings before the mind's eye, a landscape, more like Claude. Mr. Hallé, by his study, has evidently made himself perfectly master of these splendid sonatas, and gives them, no doubt, all the effect intended by their great and gifted author; he played this like the one at Mr. Seymour's last week, entirely from memory. The quartet in E flat, is another lovely work, the same able executants giving it in admirable style, assisted in the tenor part, by a talented amateur, Mr. Kauffman, who produced a fine tone on his viola, without being unduly prominent; one little solo passage he gave very beautifully indeed. The chief features of this quartet are, elegance, grace, and originality in all the subjects, each in turn most elaborately worked out. The finale alone seemed a familiar one, like a hunting strain, something resembling "Foresters sound the cheerful horn," but in Beethoven's hands, it was by no means common-place, although, perhaps, not of so refined a character as the other movements. The finale served to shew Mr. Hallé's familiarity with the work, and the difficulties, too, of two other composers, Mendelssohn and Weber; the perpetual movement was marvellous for its dexterity and clearness. The room was not well filled, not quite one hundred persons being present, three fourths of whom, were resident Germans and their families. I shall be glad when such talent and such music as

Mr. Hallé exhibits at his Classical Chamber Concerts are more generally appreciated by the Manchester public.

A dress concert of the Hargreave's Choral Society, took place on Thursday evening, the 22nd instant. The following was the programme :—

PART I.

Overture—"Oberon"	Weber
Chorus—"Loud let the Moorish tambour sound!"	Sir H. R. Bishop
Aria—Miss Bassano, "Se m'abbandoni"—(Nicroti)	Mercadante
Duo—Signori N. Lablache and Lablache—"Se falso in coro avete"—(Il Matrimonio Segreto)	Cimarosa
Grand Fantasia—Pianoforte—M. Thalberg—On airs from "Lucrezia Borgia"	Thalberg
Duetto—"Mdle. Vera and Signor N. Lablache—"Per piacere!"—(Il Turco in Italia)	Rossini
Aria Buffo—Signor Lablache—"Non più andrai"—(Le Nozze di Figaro)	Mozart
Cavatina—Mdle. Vera—"Che farò senza Euridice!"—(Orfeo)	Glück
Quintet—Mdle. Vera, Miss Bassano, Signori Vera, N. Lablache, and Lablache, and Chorus—"Dal tuo stellato soglio"—(Moïse in Egitto)	Rossini

PART II.

Overture—"Stradella"	Flotow
Chorus—"La Tempesta"	Haydn
Duo—Signori N. Lablache, and Lablache—"Un segreto" (Cenerentola)	Rossini
Ballad—Miss Bassano, "O never heed, my mother dear"	J. P. Knight
Tarantella—Signor Lablache—"La Danza"	Rossini
Pianoforte Obligato—M. Thalberg	Donizetti
Song—Mdle. Vera—"O luce di quest'anima"	Thalberg
Grand Fantasia—Pianoforte—M. Thalberg—On favourite airs from "La Figlia del Reggimento"	Rossini
Duetto—"Mdle. Vera and Miss Bassano—"Serbam ognor" (Semiramide)	Beethoven
Quartetto—Mdle. Vera, Miss Bassano, Signor Vera, and Signor N. Lablache—(Cantiamo, ridiamo)	Rossini
March and Chorus—"Crown ye the Altars"—Ruins of Athens)	Leader, Mr. Seymour, Conductor, Mr. Waddington.

The much talked of, and eagerly sought after Lablache-Thalberg-Concert, came off on Thursday the 22nd. *Oberon*, was very nicely played by the band, which also was heard to advantage in the full orchestral accompaniments to Bishop's characteristic chorus, "Loud let the Moorish," which went exceedingly well. Then came the Star of the night, the truly great magnet of attraction, Lablache, looking greater than ever, and certainly never in our opinion looking better; his first essay was in the well known "Se falso," with his son, Signor N. Lablache, from the "Matrimonio Segreto," in which his buffo singing excited peals of laughter. His son is young, and does not possess much power as yet as a baritone, but his voice is of musical quality, and we think he promises even better than Signor F. Lablache did at his age. (We well remember some dozen years ago hearing the latter for the first time, in the same company, (Mr. Mitchell's Opera Buffa) with Madame Lablache, then Miss Funny Wyndham.) The duet was greatly enjoyed, despite its being merely accompanied by the pianoforte, and unanimously encored. The next Star in magnitude then appeared—(perhaps as great in brilliancy, and at all events a kindred planet, for we understand he is son-in-law to Lablache)—Thalberg, certainly one of the greatest and most wonderful performers on the pianoforte in this wonder-producing age on that instrument. It is some years now since we heard Thalberg—then just astounding the world with his extraordinary, and brilliant fantasia, on the celebrated prayer from the "Moïse," in which was first introduced a slow air in the middle of the instrument, going on at the same time with a regular torrent of passages from one end of the instrument to the other. We listened to his performance on the airs from *Lucia*, with as much delight, wonder, and astonishment, as ever. It is true, that, as a matter of taste or choice, we should have infinitely preferred hearing him in a concert of some one of the great masters, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, or Mendelssohn, with full orchestra. The Free Trade Hall is anything but a good place for a pianoforte solo to be heard in, but we, of the Hargreaves Choral Society, must be content to hear such talent as Thalberg's, when and how we can. Miss Bassano did not make much impression in the gloomy cavatina from *Nicroti*. We like but little of Mercadante's music (an English song would have told far better, Miss Bassano). Mdle.

Vera and Signor N. Lablache then appeared together in Rossini's sprightly duet, "Per piacere," in which we were much pleased with both the voices; Mdile. Vera possessing a high and clear soprano voice of much brilliancy, and with considerable powers of execution; whilst young Lablache's showed that agreeable quality of mixing well, which, when he acquires more force in his lower tones, will be a most valuable addition to the Italian baritones—a class much more numerous, by the way, than our English ones. Lablache the Great then reappeared in his often repeated "Non piu andrai," the effect of which was much impaired, to our thinking, by the time being too slow; it was the only piece in which he sung that was *not* encored. We take the same objection to the lovely cavatina of Gluck's; the greatest effort Mdile. Vera made became almost a psalm tune, from the time at which it was taken. The "Finale Prayer," from *Mosè*, was very effective, combining all the principals, band, and chorus. It is one of the greatest *morceaux* ever produced by Rossini.

Stradella did not please us as *Oberon* did, but that may be no fault of the band, leader, or conductor. Haydn's "Tempest" was the great choral feature of the concert; it was a credit to all concerned—band, leader, and especially conductor, and choir. Thalberg and Lablache, we perceived, were both on the platform, unseen by the audience, listening to it in astonishment and delight. The Buffo duet, from *Cinderella*, again brought out the comic powers of the father and son; again were the audience in chinks of laughter, and another encore was the consequence, although again merely to pianoforte accompaniments. Miss Bassano then won an encore, with her deep and pleasing voice, in a ballad of Knight's, more from her singing than the song itself. To this succeeded one of the most *recherché* performances of the concert, Rossini's "La Danza," with Thalberg's pianoforte obligato. There was an awkward incident in the midst of it—a young lady from Liverpool fainted from the heat of the room. In spite of the interruption this caused to the attention of a numerous portion of the auditory, it was so admirably sung, and the immensely difficult accompaniment was so cleverly given by Thalberg, that it was encored. The remaining performances of the two ladies call for no further remark. Thalberg's second fantasia was on airs from *La Figlia*; to prove that these sort of selections please generally, whatever predilection we may have for a higher class of pianoforte music, he was enthusiastically encored, when with excellent taste he gave the popular "Come gentil," from *Don Pasquale*, the most pleasing, if not the most wonderful of the great pianist's performances. After a most ineffective quartetto, "Kidiamo cantiamo"—(one singer accompanying the rest at the pianoforte)—the concert closed with another good example of the Hargreaves Choral Society's most efficient force, its band and chorus, in Beethoven's "Crown ye the Altar." Opinions are divided upon this concert, and upon the propriety or policy of the Hargreaves Society incurring the expense of engaging such talent.

Now, our opinion is, that the Hargreaves Committee were compelled to come out in great force, with attractions beyond their regular choral forces, in order to keep up the *prestige* and position of the society. One section of the subscribers would fain confine the concert to oratorios, or, at all events, sacred music; another very numerous body would prefer all to be miscellaneous; some would have no Italian; others would not care if nearly all the selections were from Italian opera! How are all to be pleased? It is purely impossible. One thing is clear—that to have an even and faultless performance, whatever the talent engaged, is impossible under the present system. A party is formed by some of the great London publishers, and sent to scour the provinces, with an accompanist on the pianoforte: they care nothing about orchestra or rehearsals, and will not be bothered with them; consequently, when one of these flights of singing-birds is engaged by our Concert Hall or Hargreaves Society, they will not attend rehearsals, and either the pieces they sing must be accompanied by the pianoforte, or the accompaniment of the full orchestra, if given, must almost unavoidably be uncertain and imperfect. We are loth to notice this, as being the true cause of any short-coming in the great concert, from which so much was expected. The three pieces in the first part, accompanied by the orchestra, did not go smoothly,—we think, from want of a proper understanding between the conductor and his orchestra, and the principal vocal-

ists;—"Per piacere," "Non piu andrai," and "Che faro," are the pieces we allude to. The fault lies in the system, not with the Hargreaves Committee, or the artists engaged, and should be amended. The greatest concerts ever given by the Hargreaves Society are unquestionably those where they have given an entire oratorio—and many would like to have five concerts in lieu of six; some, even, would prefer four—so as to have all first-rate; say, two oratorios and two miscellaneous—all with the first talent available, as principals; but all this can only be brought about by an entire change of the rules at an annual meeting. The very anxiety shown by the Manchester public to obtain tickets for this Lablache-concert showed the necessity of engaging great talent, when possible. Many parties became subscribers solely for the sake of this concert, although the season was already half over.

We never saw a more brilliant company at a Hargreaves Concert, and never heard more general satisfaction expressed, maugre the opposite opinions alluded to. There must have been upwards of 1500 persons present. To many, it was a positive treat to see the great Lablache once in their lives, if they had not heard him sing a note. It is above three years since he was here before, and it is doubtful if he may return to Manchester. After all, but half Lablache is seen in the orchestra—the Opera is the place to see and hear him as he ought to be appreciated.

We were pleased to see the fraternization betwixt Hallé and Thalberg, in the ante-room. There was no petty rivalry or jealousy betwixt these great artists. True genius excites but generous emulation in such men!

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I WENT to the theatre last night, and saw a new tragedy performed for the first time, entitled *Athelstan, King of Britain*. Mrs. Gordon was taken suddenly ill, and, at the shortest possible notice, Mrs. Watson undertook to read the character of Editha. Under these circumstances, it would be unfair to say more than that Mrs. Watson read the part with good emphasis and action. As is the case with all new pieces got up by Mr. Newcombe, the scenery and dresses were of the most costly description, and reflected great credit on the artistes engaged in that department. In the melodrama of *Susan Hopley*, which followed, Mrs. Harding undertook Mrs. Gordon's part of the heroine, which she played with talent and effect.

Jullien came on Wednesday, and had a tremendous bumper in the evening. I never saw any place so crowded as the theatre was on that occasion. Everybody was delighted beyond measure.

JULLIEN AT BRISTOL.

JULLIEN'S CONCERT, on Thursday, at the Victoria Rooms, attracted more than an overflowing audience, hundreds having been unable to obtain admission. It appeared that from some mistake or other, more tickets had been issued than the size of the room, large as it is, could warrant, and the consequence of this was considerable dissatisfaction, and some noise, which prevented those who were disposed to listen from enjoying the first piece in the programme, Mendelssohn's splendid overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Jullien, however explained—stated that the fault rested not with him—announced his determination to return money to all who were inconvenienced, and to give another night's performance, whereupon in parliamentary phrase, "the house resumed," and the programme promised was fulfilled, to the delight of the crowded auditory. Madame Thillon was encored in both her arias, "La Biondina," and "Love rules the palace." With Blagrove, Richardson, and Koenig, as prominent stars, and other instrumental notabilities, with a first-rate orchestra, and capital conductanship, the whole evening's performance constituted a real treat to the lovers of popular music, with yet enough of "the classical" to smooth the brow of your learned critic. Upon the subject of the *contretemps*, as regards the issuing of tickets above alluded to, M. Jullien has forwarded us the following letter for insertion:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRISTOL JOURNAL.

"SIR,—I feel that some explanation is due both to myself and to the public, for the unpleasantness that occurred at my concert, at the Victoria-rooms, last night. On my arrival in Bristol at five o'clock yesterday, I learned to

my great surprise that 1100 tickets had been sold for the front seats, which was 300 more than had been provided for. I immediately had an alteration made in the arrangements of the room, to accommodate the extra numbers; I also posted bills at the doors, stating that no money would be taken, and sent round to the music-sellers, ordering that the sale of tickets should be immediately stopped. To my great annoyance, I have ascertained that crowds of persons, who left the concert-room unable to obtain admission by paying at the doors, returned again, having obtained tickets of some music-sellers after my express orders to the contrary. To this circumstance must be attributed the inconvenience of last night; which I will avoid the recurrence of in future by signing every ticket myself, and not issuing more than 800 tickets for the front seats. Trusting to your kindness for the insertion of this explanatory statement in your paper.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,
"Long's Royal Hotel, Feb. 16, 1849.
"JULLIEN."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SACRED HARMONICS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—It may be taken for granted, that when an adversary loses his temper, and substitutes abuse for argument, he is "used up," and hasn't a leg to stand upon. This is the case with R. S. His early letters, making every allowance for the badness of the material supplied, and putting the romance out of the question, were worked up with such skill as only one well versed in the art of "writing up" could accomplish; but his last two or three letters begin to show that this writing to order is becoming very "up-hill" work, and the epistle in your last number approaches the climax. The stubbornness of the *real* facts—not R. S.'s facts—dealt forth by T. R. have roused R. S.'s magniloquent ire, and so, unable to cope with them, he lashes himself into a mighty rage, and abuses T. R. and everyone else, far and wide; so much so, that one is involuntarily reminded of the well-known legal Joe Miller: "No case—abuse the plaintiff's attorney." T. R. is possessed of "a convenient amount of ignorance and simplicity;" he is "muddle-headed," and "ought to have his head well hammered, to clear his noddle," and makes "shuffling and evasive statements." Mr. Brewer is a "cat's-paw;" and as for the Committee, they are "ridiculous hoaxers," are "wanting in common honesty," are "infamous and dastardly," and evince "unalterable malignity" in their "iniquitous proceedings" and "wicked designs." Hard words these, brought out by T. R.'s clear and well-written letter, which gave the correct version of the "little book" affair. In the uproar occasioned by the general indignation evinced in the meeting at the tactics of Mr. Surman and his half-dozen adherents, the real "hangars-on for the country festivals," it was difficult to get at the true version, and T. R. having done so, "*hinc illa lachryma!*" But the game is up. In spite of tickets, presents, oratorios, music, books, royal fittings, reverend presidents, substitution of tickets, eastern branches (long since expired), and all R. S.'s professional weekly nursing the "ricketty concern," the "London Sacred Harmonic Society"—I name it in full, lest, perchance, your readers may have forgotten there was such a thing in existence—is going the way of all flesh, the "blood" is nearly run out, and the Sacred Harmonic Society having got rid of its conductor, (*query, misconducter,*) has freed itself from the cloud that obscured its strength and brightness, and rising, like the phoenix from its ashes, resplendent in all its glory, like those proud cities of Babylon and Nineveh, but without their elements of decay, has extinguished the feeble luminary that arose near it, and stands erect, the admiration of the civilised world.

Now, one word as to the Rev. Mr. Cox. Mr. Cox, a new member of the Society, came to the meeting with the intention of endeavouring to heal differences—we have his word for it; and who is R. S., that he dare to question the declaration of a minister of the Gospel? But he very soon perceived "what manner of man" he had to deal with, and he moved his expulsion. But R. S.'s instructions are wrong as to the mode, for, instead of pulling a paper from his pocket ready for the purpose, he proceeded to the table to prepare it. R. S.'s instructions should also have informed him that an old and influential member of the Society, respected by all parties, and who had watched impartially the whole proceedings of the Society towards Mr. Surman, had become so convinced of the utter necessity of removing Mr. Surman from membership, that he had himself expressed his intention of moving his expulsion, and had

prepared such a statement of reasons that would have convinced the most wavering, but which was rendered needless by Mr. Surman's self-condemnation. The meeting saw, what the Special Committee saw, when they put Mr. Surman under a searching *viva-voce* examination some twelve months previously, that they could not get a straightforward answer, but that everything was *evasive, shuffling, and under-handed.* I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

A MEMBER OF THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.
London, Feb. 24, 1849.

OF ONE-LINKED SEQUENCES.

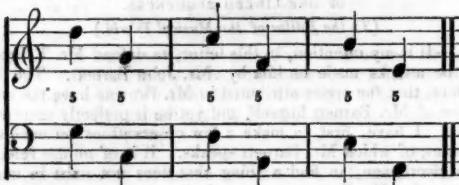
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—It is my intention, in this letter, to defend Mr. T. Browne from the attacks made on him by Mr. John Barnett. The issue will show, that the errors attributed to Mr. Browne have the entire sanction of Mr. Barnett himself, and yet he is perfectly unaware of the fact. I have, first, to make a few observations on one-linked sequences, of which Mr. Barnett speaks. It is of no use referring me to Beethoven, to find a thing that does not exist in music; consequently, Mr. B. must systematically prove, on the principles of Schnyder, that he is right. Tables, methodically figured, educe all the two and more linked sequences; and if Mr. B. cannot produce one or more tables of one-linked sequences, then it is clear that Schnyder's method does not account for them. The term *link* has a definite signification, which could not be rightly understood by the word *chord*. No chain can be composed, or consist of one link, any more than a sequence. To link, is to connect two or more things. In music it has a still more definite signification, which means the resemblance or recurrence of two or more sounds, either by subtraction or addition. The term *progression* is distinguished from sequence by the effect of links; if it were not so, all sorts of progressions might be called sequences. If theoretical works had observed this distinction, they would have stumbled less on this point. I am a little surprised to find a pupil of Schnyder's falling into their mistakes. But, as I have already remarked, if Mr. Barnett can illustrate a figured table of one-linked sequences, then I will own myself in error.

In Mr. Barnett's letter of January 6th, he observes, "Mr. Browne has evidently been a long time puzzling his brain to find out one way, at least, by which these sequences could be made to go; and, after all, the only way he could discover was an inadmissible and defective one." Had he undertaken to illustrate a good sequence by *subtracting one*, he would not have succeeded by taking Mr. Barnett's treble and bass: all he wanted to do, as he told us, was to show, that sequences, by subtracting one, do not necessarily produce consecutive 5ths or 8ths. Mr. Barnett manifested much *innocence* upon this point, because he ought to know, that if either of the discords, 7, 9, 11, or 13, be each resolved to their respective concords, they would produce four separate sequences by subtracting one. Besides these, there are 21 other sequences, educible upon *two notes*, by subtracting one, all of which may be constructed without a fault! If Mr. Barnett supposes I have forgotten any of my German lessons, merely because he cannot discover his error on this point, he wrongs himself; but all that I have added to them shall not be seen in this journal, because I meet with no openness or kindness, and can expect no thanks.

"The skips in the tenor part," continues Mr. B., "and the resolution from the seventh to the fifth, besides the doubling of the third in the soprano part, cannot be allowed in contrapuntic exercises." Now each of these defective points are sanctioned by Mr. B. One of his laws is, "In sequence no attention is paid to the resolution of the chords." To give and break laws is absurd. If "*the seventh*," or rather subtonic, be obliged to lead to the tonic, sequences must break whenever the subtonic occurs. If doubling the third be offensive, why did Mr. Barnett do so in his second illustration (the form of the chord did not here require it) of the twelve sequences, by subtracting one? As to the skips in the tenor, what can he have to complain of here, when he casts his eye upon the skipping parts of his own sequences (see the one illustrated)? But how comes it to pass, that these twelve sequences did not, one and all, create either 5th or 8th; because, upon the rule laid down by Mr. B., none should have escaped? The reason is, that the rule was *false*; otherwise, they *must* have contained those errors. Seeing, then, that Mr. B. upsets his own rule in two

ways—first, by illustrating twelve sequences by subtracting one; and, secondly, by succeeding to do so, without producing consecutive 5ths or 8ths in each of them, what becomes of his rule? Mr. Barnett had no occasion to make consecutive 5ths in any of these sequences; and, because I objected to a string of six skipping 5ths, he said my objections were "very dull ones," and "shallow, and hypercritical." I will illustrate the second and fourth parts of the first of these twelve sequences; and I ask, whether they justify Mr. B. in using such strong language? or, whether the errors can possibly be allowed, either "*in contrapuntic exercises*," or even in holy music, thus:—



Had the root of the first link in each series been doubled in this "*ably illustrated sequence*"—(I beg Mr. Aspull's pardon)—"*CADENCE*," then this admirable specimen of part-writing would not have demanded special attention. Irony aside, it is far more excusable to commit such errors, than to defend them; but Mr. Barnett cannot maintain that these 5ths are "*very dull*" objections to this illustration, without staking his reputation as a successful writer of "*contrapuntic exercises*"; nor do any of the points referred to in this letter tend exactly to increase his reputation as a theorist. I shall not recur to the cadence question, because (as the "*Organist*" justly says), Mr. B. undisguisedly holds—for some motive—that sequences and cadences, though "not quite the same," are "*similar*," a distinction too nice, and a solution too childish, to admit of discussion; so I will leave Mr. B., and his "*liberal*," "*unprejudiced*," and "*ENLIGHTENED*" friend, Mr. William Aspull (who seems to admire and appreciate Mr. B.'s *ably illustrated* faults more than Vogler's theory) to decide this knotty point between them; unless they are already agreed to link cadence and sequence together:—such an union would produce the finest specimen of a *one-linked sequence* I ever saw in my life! Lastly, why should a master of "*contrapuntic exercises*," or musical Shylock, further degrade himself by falling foul upon my "*Essay on Fugue*," without giving the public the *advantage* of his objections to it? The reason is, because he is not man enough to criticise and show it up; so, like a fretful dog, snarls at a distance; but, only let him come a little closer, and I will settle this snappishness, and place him in the same humiliating position as I have done respecting his two former absurd charges.—I am, Sir, your's obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S.—Since the above was written, Mr. B.'s letter has appeared, reiterating his *calumny* about my degree. I defer my reply till next week, because I shall be able to convict him from his own letters, to look through which I have not yet had time. The charge is very serious; and I am sure, neither you, Mr. Editor, nor your readers, will refuse an impartial consideration to what shall be my *LAST* upon this subject.—F. F.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This establishment will open within a week after the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Lumley has returned to town, but has not yet published any announcement of his attractions.

ALBONI has made an immense sensation in the *Gazza Ladra*, at the *Theatre Italien*, in which, for the first time, she essayed the part of Ninetta.

MARIO has returned, and is busy preparing for *Massaniello*. We shall be much disappointed if this be not one of the great author's most brilliant triumphs.

MADAME STOLTZ, the celebrated *ex-prima donna* at the *Academie Royale de Musique*, has been in London several days.

Mrs. MOODY.—In our review on this lady's *Deux Etudes pour piano*, Miss Moody was printed by mistake for Mrs. Moody.

ERNST.—This eminent violinist has announced his intention of visiting England this season; he will arrive in London about the 15th instant.

BETTINI.—This tenor, who will be remembered as having belonged to the Royal Italian Opera company at the latter end of the season 1847, was announced to appear in the *Lucia*, at the Italian Opera in Paris. He failed, however, to come to the scratch on the night advertised, alleging as excuse that he had forgotten how to sing in the Italian language. Signor Bettini is an Italian for all that. The real cause of his non-appearance, we are told, was the very natural refusal of Ronconi to give him 1000 francs (£40) per night, the same terms as Alboni receives, whose engagement at the *Italiens* is from night to night. Bravo, Bettini! Bravissimo, Ronconi!

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—A most admirable concert took place at the above *locale*, in Aldersgate-street, on Thursday evening, the 22nd ult., and was attended by a crowded and elegant assemblage. We understand the entertainment was got up by a *coterie* of some of our leading vocalists and instrumentalists, and that the success of the first concert has determined them to give a series of five more. The programme betokened the best possible taste. While classical music was not forgotten, there was no lack of those musical viands, without which concerts of this kind must fail to give general satisfaction—an issue at which, we opine, all such entertainments aim. The vocal performers were, Miss and Miss L. Pyne, and Mr. Leffler; the instrumentalists—H. C. Cooper (violin), Hill (tenor), Hancock (violin-cello), C. Severn (contra-basso), Boosé (clarionet), Nicholson (oboe), Baumann (bassoon), J. Harper (cornet), Jarrett (horn), and Kate Loder (piano). The concert opened with an orchestral fantasia from *Lucrezia Borgia*, with solos for Baumann, Nicholson T. Harper, and Boosé. It was a brilliant affair, all the solos being greatly applauded. The Misses Pyne sang two two-part songs of Mendelssohn's with delightful expression and the most perfect taste. Their voices blended together like double notes on the flageolet. The fair vocalists were immensely applauded. Mr. Hancock and Kate Loder—we cannot write *Miss* to her name—in a *duetto concertante* for piano and violoncello, afforded the audience much delight. Mr. Hancock is, as everybody knows, perfect master of his instrument, and Kate Loder is, as more than everybody knows, perfect mistress of her instrument; and then, what could follow but a perfect instrumental feast? The composition played, however, was hardly of the highest order. "*The Bird and the Maiden*," Spohr's charming little ballad song, with oboe obligato, was very beautifully sung by Miss L. Pyne, and very beautifully accompanied by Mr. Nicholson. Mr. H. C. Cooper, in a violin concerto of Viotti, so enraptured his hearers, that an encore was the result. We never heard this accomplished violinist display more brilliancy of execution, more purity of intonation, or more fire and tenderness in the feeling. The second part commenced with Beethoven's Septuor (Op. 20) for violin, tenor, violoncello, contra-basso, clarionet, horn, and bassoon. The interpreters were, Messrs. Cooper, Hill, Hancock, Severn, Boosé, Jarrett, and Baumann. A more splendid performance we have seldom heard. Indeed, no less could be expected from such performers. We have no room to analyse, else could we call attention to the many beauties of the Septuor, so splendidly unfolded by the admirable executants. Miss Pyne, in one of Albion's romances from the *Huguenots*, narrowly escaped an encore. Weber's "*Concertstück*" never found a more accomplished and energetic interpreter than in little Kate Loder. Verily, her fingers have wings, and fly over the keys like so many white humming-birds. Kate Loder's performance rather astonished the good folks in the room of the Institution; and so many and such vigorous "*Ohs!*" were uttered during her playing that we fancied we could see them as plain as soap-bubbles floating over the heads of the audience. The "*Concert-Stück*" was encored amid a hurricane of applause. Mr. Leffler had his admirers in a gipsy song, and joined Miss Pyne and Miss L. Pyne in a glee of Bishop's, which was given with excellent effect, and the concert concluded with the overture to *Freischütz*.

On the whole, a better arranged or more out-and-out thorough good entertainment we have not attended for a very long time. If the series be continued, we shall watch its movements with no small interest.

HER MAJESTY AT DRURY-LANE.—The performance of the French Equestrian Troupe were attended on Saturday evening by Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Royal children.

MME. D'EICHTHAL, first harpist to the Empress of Austria and the Queen of the Belgians, has just arrived in town, after a short stay in Brighton, where her accomplished talent created a great impression among the amateurs.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.—The success these entertainments have met with has determined the directors to extend the series to eight concerts more. A prospectus has been issued, which states that the fifteen concerts already given have been attended by upwards of thirty-nine thousand persons; that the patronage has greatly increased; and that the directors have been enabled to avail themselves of variety and amount of musical talent which they hardly dared to hope for when the season commenced. Among the engagement for the remaining eight concerts, we may mention Mr. Sims Reeves, Mdlle. Nissen, and Mdlle. Helene Stöpel. Negotiations are pending with other artists of eminence.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, attended by the Marquis of Abercorn, Viscount Clifden, and Colonel Bouverie, honoured the Sacred Harmonic Society with his presence at their second performance of Handel's Oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, at Exeter Hall, on Thursday evening. The Duke of Wellington occupied a seat in the gallery with his Royal Highness.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"TEUTONIUS," "ONE DETERMINED TO UPHOLD THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY," "J. H. N." "R. S." "ASFULL & FLOWERS," and several other of our Correspondents, must lie over till next week.

PATER.—We cannot tell who the emphatic "Ryan" is who wrote Cock's songs.—We never heard of the gentleman, though from the brevity of his name he must be celebrated. He certainly is not D. R.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just Published, a NEW EDITION of all
MOZART's favorite SONGS, DUETS, and TRIOS,

With the original Italian or German Words, and an English adaptation,
By W. H. BELLAMY.

The Pianoforte Accompaniments of this edition are newly arranged from the Scores, and the whole adapted to the English words

BY SAMUEL S. WESLEY.

* * * The words of many of Mozart's Songs being only suited to the stage, an entirely new English version has been made for this edition, with the view of rendering these charming productions (several of which are but little known) universally acceptable.

First Series (now ready).

- No. 1—KOMM LIEBSTER MÄY. The Return.
- No. 2—VERGISS MEIN NICHT. Forget me not.
- No. 3—L'ADDIO. The Farewell.
- No. 4—QUANDO MIRO QUEL BEL CIGLIO. Though I watch the light.
- No. 5—I MODERNI CAVALIERI. How Cavaliers are changed.
- No. 6—UN MOTO DI GIOIA MI SENTO. Oh tell me what transport.
- No. 7—PORGÌ AMOR. Oh, believe 'twas less in anger.—*Figaro*.
- No. 8—VOI CHE SAPETE. Twilight.—*Figaro*.
- No. 9—NON PIU ANDRAI. Sir, Sir Page.—*Figaro*.
- No. 10—DOVE SONO. Happy childhood.—*Figaro*.
- No. 11—NON SO PIU COSA SON. I don't know where I am.—*Figaro*.
- No. 12—CRUDEL PERCHE FINORA. Then by the garden bower. Duet.—*Figaro*.

The Second Series will contain

- No. 13—LA CI DAREM LA MANO.
- No. 14—VEDRAI CARINO.
- No. 15—BATTI, BATTI.
- No. 16—IL MIO TESORO.
- No. 17—DEH VIENI ALLA FINESTRA.—*Don Giovanni*.
- No. 18—DEH PRENDI.
- No. 19—AH PERDONA.—*La Clemenza di Tito*.
- No. 20—GIUNSE ALFIN.
- No. 21—SUL! ARIA.—*Figaro*.
- No. 22—O CARA IMMAGINE.
- No. 23—NON PAVENTAR.
- No. 24—LA DOVE PRENDE AMOR.—*Zauberflöte*.

(To be continued.)

London: CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond-street.

Mr. H. C. Lunn,

(Professor of Harmony at the Royal Academy of Music,) Begs to announce that he is now forming CLASSES for the study of the theory of Music, at his Residence, No. 32, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE.

The Classes (of an hour each, twice a week), will consist of Four Pupils.—Terms, Two Guineas a Quarter for each Pupil.

The Classes for Ladies, and the Classes for Gentlemen, will be distinct from each other.

Applications (personally or by letter) to be made as above.

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

JUST RECEIVED AT

SCHOTT & CO.'S

FOREIGN MUSICO DEPOT,
89, ST. JAMES'S STREET.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE:

s. d.

BEYER, (F.) Album, 1849; a Collection of the following German Songs, transcribed	10 0
No. 1. Du bist wie eine Blume, von Kucken—No. 2. Scheiden und Leiden, von Frunk—No. 3. Schweizer Heimweh, von Prack—No. 4. Die Heimath, von Reissiger—No. 5. Ich möchte dir so gerne sagen, von Girschner—No. 6. An Adelheid, liebend gedenk ich dehn, von Krebs.	
Bouquet de Melodies, I Lombardi (Jerusalem) de Verdi, No. 20	2 0
LISZT, (T. Dr.) Salve Maria de Jerusalem, (I Lombardi)	2 0
DE VIENNES, (Henri) Fantasies sur des Airs Nationaux Belges, Op. 12	2 9
CRAMER, (Henri) Souvenir de Stuttgart, Amusement brillant, Op. 18	2 0

COLLECTION DE POTPOURRIS.

No. 41. La Dame Blanche de Boieldieu—No. 84. Der Pratendant, von Kücken.	each 2 0
STRAUSS, (Joseph) Favorite Polkas and Mazourkas,	each 1 0

No. 1, Des Lampions Polka—No. 2, Isabelli Polka—No. 3, L'Eperon d'Or, alle Mazourkas—No. 4, La Malte-Poste Polka—No. 5, Hélène Polka—No. 6, Sidonie Polka—No. 7, Soupirs des Fleurs Polka.	each 2 0
--	----------

HAMM, (T. Val.) Marche funèbre, to the commemoration of Maria Milanollo	1 6
---	-----

FOR THE HARP.

OBERTHUR, (Charles) Reminiscences Italiennes, Duo pour Harp et Piano, Op. 31	3 0
--	-----

ALVARIS, (Parish) Concerto, (en Mi bémol) Op. 98, av. Accompts. de Piano	9 0
--	-----

" " " pour Orchestre	16 0
----------------------	------

FOR THE VIOLIN.

KUFFNER, (T.) Fifty Etudes Méthodiques, pour deux Violins, pour servir d'introduction aux Etudes de Fiorillo, Kreutzer, Mayesder, Rode, etc., Op. 326, in two Books	each 3 6
---	----------

PRUME, (F.) La Danse des Sorcières, Scherzo burlesque et caractéristique, Op. 13, av. Accompts. de Piano	3 0
--	-----

Concerto héroïque, av. Accompts. de Piano, Op. 11	8 6
---	-----

Le Retour à la Vie ou Les Arpèges, Caprice av. Piano, Op. 12	2 0
--	-----

FOR THE VIOLONCELLO.

BOISSAUX, (T.) Six Etudes	2 6
---------------------------	-----

PIATTI, (Alfred) Mazurkas sentimentale, pour Violoncelle et Piano, Op. 6	2 6
--	-----

Les Fiancées, Petit Caprice, av. Accompts. de Piano, Op. 7	2 6
--	-----

Aira Baskyr, Scherzo,	Op. 8 3 0
-----------------------	-----------

SERVAIS, (F.) Fantasie caractéristique sur deux célèbres Romances de Lafont, Op. 8	5 0
--	-----

" " " av. Accompts. de Piano	6 9
------------------------------	-----

" " " d'Quatuor	9 0
-----------------	-----

Concerto en Si Mineur, av. Accompts. de Piano, Op. 5	7 0
--	-----

Grand Fantaisie sur des motifs de l'Opéra <i>Le Barbier de Séville</i> , av. Accompts. de Piano, Op. 6	6 0
--	-----

Le Lac de Côme, Barcarolle de Alary, Transcrite, av. Accompts. de Piano	2 0
---	-----

FOR THE FLUTE.

BRICCIALDI, (G.) Divertissement sur l'Opéra, <i>I due Foscari</i> , av. Accompts. de Piano, Op. 40	4 0
--	-----

Lucrezia e Lucia, Potpourri fantastique, av. Accompts. de Piano, Op. 46	4 0
---	-----

FOR THE CORNET A PISTON.

KUFFNER, (T.) Principes élémentaires suivis de trente-deux petits Duos, faciles et instructifs, pour two Cornets à Piston, Paroles Françaises et Allemandes, Op. 328	5 6
--	-----

FOR THE ORGAN.

LEMMENS, (T.) Ten Improvisations dans le style sévère et chantant avec son pédale, composées expressément pour être jouées durant le service divin..	1 8
--	-----

RINCK'S (Dr. Ch. H.) Posthumous Works, first and third Books	each 1 6
--	----------

second and fourth Books	each 2 0
-------------------------	----------

(To be continued.)

FOR THE ORCHESTRA.

DORN, (H.) Festouverture sur 5th Säcularfeier des Cölner Domhauzes, 1848, characteristisches Tongemälde für Orchester, Solo und Choränen, Op. 60	12 0
--	------

DIE RHEINLANDER: a Collection of one hundred and forty-six of the latest Walszes, Galops, and Polkas, arranged for the Pianoforte, as performed by the orchestras in the principal Watering Places on the Continent (to be continued)	each 0 8
---	----------

LIEDER-SAMMLUNG:—A Collection of three hundred and thirty-nine German Songs, Duets, of the best authors, for the Voice and Pianoforte (to be continued)	from Ed. to 3 6
---	-----------------

Royal Italian Opera,  Covent Garden.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA beg respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers and the Public in general, that the Season will commence on

SATURDAY NEXT, the 10th of MARCH.

THE ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON ARE—OPERA.

PRIMI SOPRANI.

MADAME CRISI,

(The last Season of her engagement.)

MADAME DORUS GRAS,

(From the Academie Royale of Paris; her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera.)

MADEMOISELLE CORBARI,

MADAME RONCONI,

MADEMOISELLE STEFFANONI,

MISS CATHERINE HAYES,

(From the principal Theatres of Italy and Germany; her First Appearance in England, and)

MADAME PAULINE VIARDOT.

CONTRALTI.

SIGNORA ANCRI,

(From the principal Theatres of Italy, Germany, and Russia; her First Appearance in England, and)

MADEMOISELLE MERIC,

(From the Italian Opera, Paris; her first appearance in England.)

SECONDA DONNA.

MADAME BELLINI.

TENORI.

SIGNOR MARIO,

(Who will arrive at the commencement of the Season, and sing on the Opening Night in the Opera of MASANIETTO, and)

SIGNOR SALVI,

SIGNOR LUICI MEI, and SIGNOR LAVIA.

PRIMI BASSI BARITONI.

SIGNOR TAMBURINI,

AND

MONSIEUR MASSOL,

(From the Academie Royale of Paris, and)

SIGNOR GIORGIO RONCONI.

PRIMI BASSI PROFONDI.

SIC. MARINI, and SIC. TAGLIACICO.

ALTRI PRIMI BASSI.

SIGNOR POLONINI.

SIGNOR RACHE AND SIGNOR TALAMO.

SECONDO TENORE.

SIGNOR SOLDI.

Director of the Music, Composer, and Conductor, M. R. COSTA.

The ORCHESTRA, acknowledged to be the completest and most talented in Europe, will remain as last Season.

The CHORUS will number 94, viz., Forty Female and Fifty-four Male Voices. On the Opening Night, AUBER's Grand Opera of *MABANTELLA* will be produced with entirely New Scenery, Costumes, and Appointments.—MASANIETTO, SIGNOR MARIO, who will anticipate the usual period of his appearance in order to perform in that Opera.—Pietro, MONSIEUR MASSOL, the representative of the part at the Academie Royale.—Fenella, *(the Dumb Girl,) MDLE. PAULINE LEBOUX.*—Elvira, MADLE. DORUS GRAS.

The Divertissement incidental to the Opera will be supported by Mdle. WUTHIRE, M. ALEXANDRE (his first appearance in England), and Mdle. LOUISE TAGLIONI (her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera).

Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes for the Night or Season, to be obtained at the Box Office (corner of Bow-street and Hart-street), and at the Principal Libraries and Music Sellers.—The Box Office is now open from Eleven to Five o'clock.

OPERA COMIQUE.

S. JAMES'S THEATRE.
MR. MITCHELL has the honor to announce the following Attractive Arrangements for the ensuing Representations.

MONDAY, March 5, AUBER's New Opera Comique,

ZANETTA; ou, JOUER AVEC LE FEU.
Zanetta, Mdle. CHARTON. Rodolphe, M. COUDERC.
With other attractive entertainments.

On WEDNESDAY, March 7, will be repeated AUBER's favourite Opera of *LE DOMINO NOIR*, which continues to excite the most enthusiastic admiration.

On FRIDAY, March 9, by desire, and for the last time it can be given,

BOIELDIEU's celebrated Opera, in Three Acts, *LA DAME BLANCHE*.
On MONDAY, March 12, will be produced, (for the FIRST TIME in this country,) a popular Opera, in One Act, Music by AUBER, the Libretto by SCHIBÉ, entitled *ACTEON*. Principal Characters by Mdle. CHARTON, Mdle. GUICHARD,

Mdle. MOREL, and M. COUDERC.

In addition to ADOLPHE ADAM's popular Opéra Comique, *LE CHEALET*. And on WEDNESDAY, March 14th, will be repeated GRETRY's celebrated Opera, in Three Acts, *RICHARD COEUR DE LION*, *CHEF D'ORCHESTRE, M. CHARLES HANSSENS*.

BOXES, STALLS, TICKETS, and SEASON PROSPECTUSES may be secured at Mr. MITCHELL's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond St., and also at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 11 till 5 o'clock.

EXETER HALL.

WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The Sixteenth of the London Wednesday Concerts

will be held on

WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, MARCH 7th.

VOCAL PERFORMERS:

Mademoiselle Nissen, Miss Lucombe, Miss A. Williams,

Miss M. Williams, Miss Poole, and Mrs. A. Newton.

Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Binge, Mr. T. Williams,

AND MR. SIMS REEVES.

The ORCHESTRA will be upon an extensive scale, and complete in every department, including Mr. WILLY'S CONCERT BAND.

LEADER and MUSICAL DIRECTOR, MR. WILLY.

Tickets 1s. and 2s., Reserved Seats 4s., Stalls 7s., may be had of Mr. STAMMERS,

Exeter Hall, and of all Musicians.

For Programme see the *Times* of Monday, March 6th.

EXETER HALL WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The Directors of the LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS beg leave to announce, that in consequence of the unprecedented success of these Concerts, the SERIES will be EXTENDED to Twenty-three Concerts, instead of Fifteen, as originally advertised, making an

EXTRA SEASON OF EIGHT CONCERTS,

which will be held as follows:

16th CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, NEXT, MARCH 7th.

17th CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14th.

18th CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21st.

19th CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28th.

20th CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11th.

21st CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18th.

Being for the Benefit of MR. SIMS REEVES.

22nd CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25th,

Being for the Benefit of Mr. WILLY.

23rd CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, MAY 2nd,

Being for the Benefit of Mr. STAMMERS, and the last Night of the Season.

The Directors of the LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS avail themselves of this opportunity of tendering to the public, and to the press, their grateful acknowledgments for the unprecedented patronage and support which these Concerts have received. They were fully aware, at the onset, of the numerous difficulties which surrounded the establishment of an undertaking of this character; yet, being convinced of the want of such an entertainment, and being resolved on their part to carry it through with energy and liberality, they were led to hope that, neither the patronage of the public, nor support of the press would be wanting. The result has far exceeded their most sanguine expectations, and in the short space of fifteen weeks, the LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS have taken a position as one of the first musical entertainments of the metropolis. The Fifteen Concerts will have been attended by upwards of THIRTY-NINE THOUSAND PERSONS, and the performances throughout the Series have received the kind approval of the whole of the daily and weekly press.

The Directors cannot but congratulate themselves upon the fact, that at this, the conclusion of the fifteen Concerts, they are not aware of a single promise made or hope held out in their original prospectus but which has been fully redeemed; and that they have, moreover, been enabled, by the liberal patronage bestowed, to avail themselves of a variety and amount of musical talent which they hardly dared to hope for when the Series was commenced.

The Directors feel it their duty to acknowledge their grateful sense of the zeal and ability of the various artists, vocal and instrumental, who have been engaged during the season; this acknowledgment is most peculiarly due.

MR. SIMS REEVES,

to whose great talent and active co-operation, upon all occasions, and in every manner which was conceived to be to the interest of the undertaking, although in many instances (at the time) directly opposed to his own taste and wishes, the Directors feel they are in a great measure indebted for the success they have achieved.

In conclusion, they beg leave to announce that for the supplemental season most of the principal artists who have appeared during the past season are retained. The services of

MR. SIMS REEVES

have been secured for each evening. Several new engagements have also been made, which include

Mdle. NISSEN (3 nights), Mdle. HELENE STORPEL (3 nights),

Messrs. TRAVERS, LAWLER, NOBLE, BRIGGIALDI,

And others. Negotiations are also pending with other artists of eminence, and no effort will be wanting on the part of the management to endeavour to maintain the favourable opinion and liberal patronage which the public have been pleased, up to the present time, to bestow upon the LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

* Exeter Hall, Feb. 28, 1849. JOSEPH STAMMERS, Managing Director.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; Where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Hollywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, March 3rd, 1849.